JANUARY 16, 1956

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

25 CENTS
$7.50 A YEAR



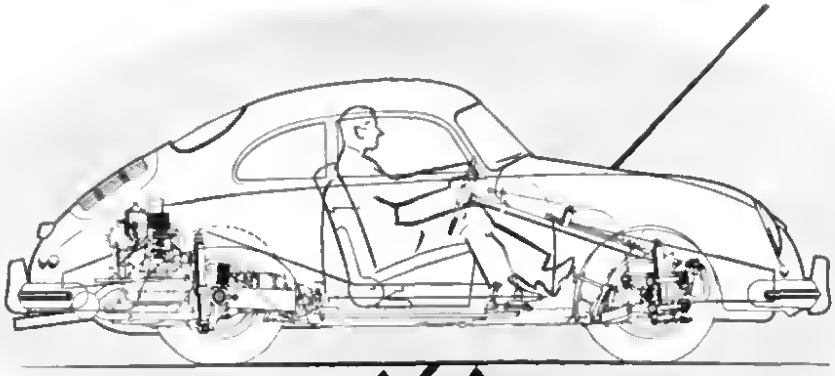
THE BING CROSBY TOURNAMENT

MIKE SOUCHAK HITS ONE TO THE GREEN AT PEBBLE BEACH



FOR 1956: JOHNSON PRESENTS AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL OUTBOARD MOTORS . . . NOW NINE MODELS . . . 3 TO 30 HP! ALL STYLED IN JOHNSON'S NEW HOLIDAY BRONZE AND SPRAY WHITE, ALL BLESSED WITH JOHNSON'S HEAVENLY QUIET. FEATURING QUICKER, SMOOTHER STARTING THAN EVER BEFORE. AND DISTINGUISHED BY THE RICHEST TREASURE IN ALL OUTBOARD MOTORING — JOHNSON DEPENDability . . JOHNSON MOTORS, 7800 PERSHING ROAD, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS.

A DIVISION OF OUTBOARD, MARINE & MANUFACTURING CO • IN CANADA, MANUFACTURED BY JOHNSON MOTORS, PETERBOROUGH



You...

in the Porsche driver's seat are at the exact center of gravity of a perfectly balanced automobile. You enjoy complete harmony with the Porsche's movement, just as the Porsche (with its superb rear-engine power plant, servo-mesh transmission, torsion bar suspension and giant sized brakes) responds instantly to your every command. Driver and motor car become one, in a thrilling partnership of road mastery.



PORSCHE
1600 c.c. COUPE
luxuriously hand-finished
sports touring model,
$3480
FOB New York.

Other Porsche models
from **$3076**
FOB New York.

PORSCHE

Dealers from Coast to Coast — For name of nearest dealer write to

U. S. A. Distributor: HOFFMAN-PORSCHE CAR CORPORATION • 443 Park Ave., New York 22

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill. Subscription $7.50 a year in U.S.A. and Canada.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Henry R. Luce
PRESIDENT Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor Sidney L. James
Asst. Managing Editor Richard W. Johnston
News Editor John Tibby

Asst. to the Managing Editor
Henry J. Romney

Associate Editors
Robert Creamer, Andrew Crichton, Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Percy Knauth, Paul O'Neil, Fred Smith, Jerome Snyder (**Art Direction**), Whitney Tower, Herbert Warren Wind, Norton Wood, Alfred Wright.

Staff Writers
Ezra Bowen, Robert H. Boyle, Mervin Hyman, Coles Phinizy, Elaine St. Maur, Dorothy Stull, Jeremiah Tax, Roy Terrell, Reginald Wells.

Photography
PICTURE EDITOR Gerald Astor
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS Mark Kauffman, Richard Meek, Hy Peskin.
ASSISTANTS: Betty Dick, Dorothy Merz.

Reporters
Honor Fitzpatrick (*Chief*); Paul Ahrnsbrak, Jo Ahern, Betty Bredin, Gwilym S. Brown, Iris Chekeman, Alice Higgins, Virginia Kraft, Marian Lund, Richard Phelan, Gilbert Rogin, Kenneth Rudeen, Mary Snow, Ann Weeks, Lester Woodcock.

Editorial Assistants
Sherry Keen, Eleanore Mihosovic.

Production
Arthur L. Brawley (*Chief*), Beatrice Gottlieb (*Copy Desk*); Betty De Meester, Robert Lehning, Beatrice Plouf, Helen Taylor.

Layout
Alfred Zingaro (*Chief*); William Bernstein, Frank Cannabella, Harvey Grut, Martin Nathan.

Administrative Assistants
Maureen Harris, Elisabeth McKenna.

Special Contributors
Robert Baxter, Jr., Duane Decker, Herman Hickman, Jimmy Jemail, Victor Kalman, Bill Mauldin, John O'Reilly, Charles Preston, Budd Schulberg, H. Allen Smith, Red Smith, Horace Sutton, William F. Talbert, Jerome Weidman, Philip Wylie, Ed Zern.

U. S. & Foreign Bureaus
NEWSDESK: Earl Burton
Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Boston, Dallas, Houston, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto (Lawrence Laybourne, *Chief of Correspondents*)
London, Paris, Bonn, Rome, Madrid, Johannesburg, Beirut, New Delhi, Singapore, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Mexico City, Guatemala City, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires (Manfred Gottfried, *Chief of Correspondents*)

Publisher H. H. S. Phillips Jr.
Advertising Director William W. Holman

Subscription Rates: To the U. S., Canada and U. S. Possessions except Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr. $7.50. Air-speeded editions to Alaska and Hawaii, 1 yr. $10.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr., $10.00. Please address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial and advertising contents to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. and all subscription correspondence to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Changes of address require three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address imprint from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made without old as well as new address, including postal zone number. TIME INC. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman, Maurice T. Moore; President, Roy E. Larsen; Executive Vice President for Publishing, Howard Black; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Stillman; Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice Presidents, Bernard Barnes, Allen Grover, Andrew Heiskell, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Linen, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. I. Prentice; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Arnold W. Carlson.

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



WE have been speaking to our friends in the advertising and retail business about 1956 as the American Sport Year. Every year is crowded with notable events like the Derby, the U.S. Open and the World Series, to mention only a few which have become an increasing inspiration for merchandisers' plans and promotions. But the American Sport Year is a name which occurred to us when we began to discuss the extra events on the sport calendar this year. For 1956 is going to be a very special year in some special ways.

It's an American election year for one thing. And the elections—with their bands, crowds, banners, strategy, dark horses and grandstand managers—are, despite some political overtones, a sports story. That's how SI will handle them, leaving to others the job of filling in the minor political incidentals. SI, in fact, has already begun, as readers will recall, with a winter-book scouting report on the candidates in the January 2 issue. And for those who like to make their decisions in the light of historical precedent, SI during the summer will publish a series on sports of the Presidents from Washington to Eisenhower.



All year long the Olympics, too, will capture the attention of Americans as never before, from Cortina later this month through to the Olympic Summer games in far-away Melbourne, which end in December.

In this year also SI will execute a long overdue program for honoring the American designers of women's sports clothes who have done so much to improve the scenery on the golf courses we play, on the boats we sail, at the sports events we attend—in short, wherever we go. The program will reach its climax with SI's presentation of the first American Sportswear Designer Awards.

These things among others, beyond the week-by-week, season-by-season parade of sports, have lately added spice to SI's conversations with advertisers and retailers about the year 1956.



Some will go on calling 1956 an election year, others an Olympic year and still others perhaps the-year-Jimmy-learned-to-do-a-stem-Christy or Mary-a-half-gainer. But for those hundreds of advertisers and retailers who have come to know sports and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as essential elements in their plans, the American Sport Year seems to say it pretty well.

Harry Phillips

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Copyright © 1956 by Time Inc.

JANUARY 16, 1956
Volume 4, Number 3

4 SCOREBOARD
9 EVENTS & DISCOVERIES
22 THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT
47 FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR
60 COMING EVENTS
61 THE 19TH HOLE
64 PAT ON THE BACK

13 **SPECTACLE: THE CROSBY TOURNAMENT**
A camera report IN COLOR *of some of the wonderful topography and wonderful trouble that await golfers in this week's West Coast invitational*

17 **HOST: BING CROSBY**
A salute to a renowned entertainer and sportsman whose personally-paid-for little golf tournament has burgeoned into one of the annual high points of the winter season

18 **DETROIT IS STIRRING**
The hotted-up 1956 Chevrolet Corvette, GM's response to the rush of the Ford Thunderbird, gets a road-test analysis by JOHN FITCH *and* KENNETH RUDEEN, *who tell why they consider it the most significant new car of the year*

28 **PART II: BOB COUSY, THE MAN AND THE GAME**
Boy and man, the great Celtic star has always dedicated his extraordinary skill to remedying basketball's flaws and enhancing its manifold delights. HERBERT WARREN WIND *concludes his series*

33 **TEN WEEKS OF SPLINTERS**
Indoor track explodes into action this week and ROBERT CREAMER *previews the season and the stars to watch for*

48 **THE BIGGEST BIRD WATCH**
Eight thousand strong, bird lovers turned out from coast to coast for the year's record-breaking Audubon Society Christmas Count. JOHN O'REILLY *summarizes the great event, and* ROGER TORY PETERSON *presents a portfolio of his choicest birds*

THE DEPARTMENTS:

6 **Hotbox:** JIMMY JEMAIL asks: Would you permit your husband or wife to take a pleasure cruise alone?

37 **Column of the Week:** DAN PARKER of the New York *Daily Mirror* records the obituary of the International Boxing Guild and the role played by James D. Norris in its demise

46 **Tip from the Top:** SHELLEY MAYFIELD points out the importance of the left heel in the backswing

41 **Golf:** HERBERT WARREN WIND yields to JAMES MURRAY for a report on the Los Angeles Open

42 **Football:** HERMAN HICKMAN analyzes that classic of the bowl games, Oklahoma's victory over Maryland

44 **Chess:** ROBERT CANTWELL peers behind the closed doors of the National Intercollegiate matches and observes some interesting young players

48 **Snow Patrol:** MORT LUND rounds up snow conditions at resorts all over

46 **Ski Tip:** FRIEDL PFEIFER, U.S. Olympic team coach, discusses the problems of running from one type of snow to another

59 **Yesterday:** Hobey Baker, Princeton's legendary hockey player, was an immortal example of a sportsman



COVER: MIKE SOUCHAK
Photograph by Fred Lyon

Mike Souchak, shown here as he plays a nice short iron to one of the greens flanking Carmel Bay at California's beautiful Pebble Beach, was one of the great stars on the 1955 winter circuit. This weekend he and other ranking figures of the links will be playing in happy concord with leading celebrities of the stage, screen and TV. The occasion? The annual Bing Crosby tournament. The place? Pebble Beach, among others—and for some striking pictures of that lovely course, and details on the tournament itself, see pages 13 through 17.

Acknowledgments on page 60

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: ROCKY MARCIANO

Not a ringside story, but a warmly human word portrait by Joan Flynn Dreyspool of the dynamic heavyweight champion at home

SWIMMING: THE NEW HAVEN WATERWORKS

Alfred Wright examines the winter rivalry in the nation's pools, with a long look at Bob Kiphuth and his Yale Boys

SCOREBOARD

. . . THESE FACES IN THE CROWD . . .



Governor Theodore McKeldin of Maryland tossed first blockbuster at dying boxing managers' Guild, ordered Maryland Commission to revoke permission granted to New York promoters to operate in Baltimore (*see page 9*).



Howard (Hopalong) **Cassady**, slippery-hipped Ohio State All-America halfback, was voted nation's No. 1 male athlete for 1955 in A.P. poll. Runners-up: Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano, Brooklyn Dodgers' Johnny Podres.

RECORD BREAKERS

Lorraine Crapp, brilliant young Australian aquastar, whooshed 440-yard freestyle in blistering 5:07 at Sydney (Jan. 7) to better world record set by Netherlands' Mary Kok last month.

Leo Lebel, agile 25-year-old ice skater, skillfully hurdled 16 barrels to break own world standard, retained international barrel-jumping championship with leap of 26 feet 2 inches at Grossinger, N.Y. (Jan. 7).

Vinoo Mankad and **Pankaj Roy** of India stood off New Zealand attack for 7 hours 51 minutes, sturdily ran off stand of 413 before Roy was bowled, set world test record for first-wicket partnership in match at Madras (Jan. 7).

Norman Dozois and **Jacques Hurtubise**, fun-loving young Canadians, munched sandwiches and quaffed hot drinks as they patiently lobbed ping-pong ball back and forth without missing for 14 hours 19 minutes at Longueuil, Que., wearily claimed new world record (Jan. 9).

BASKETBALL

San Francisco and **Dayton** continued to show best form among major colleges but North Carolina State, North Carolina, George Washington and Iowa State, other ranking teams, were not so fortunate. San Francisco, with Bill Russell doing his usual good job, coasted past little Pepperdine 62-51 for 37th straight, moved within two victories of major college record of 39. Dayton had easy time beating Duquesne 68-52, Iona 83-64 as 7-foot Bill Uhl played star role.

Duke came back from 84-71 loss to Wake Forest to surprise North Carolina State 68-58, breaking 23-game Wolfpack streak. Joe Belmont and Ron Mayer combined for 43 points as tight Duke defense held State, minus services of Play-maker Vic Molodet, to four field goals in first half.

Wake Forest followed up victory over Duke, effectively shackled North Carolina's Lennie Rosenbluth to beat Tarheels 76-71 as Jim Gilley scored 19 points.

Richmond took George Washington 78-67 after Maryland triple-teamed Joe Holup to halt Colonials 62-48; Kansas State sneaked past favored Iowa State 68-64 in other upset, while Vanderbilt, Holy Cross, Indiana, Illinois, Temple, SMU and Kentucky followed winning form.

Philadelphia was on move in Eastern Division of NBA, taking five out of six to go 2½ games ahead of second-place Boston. In Western Division, **Ft. Wayne** held firm, split six games to maintain lead over Rochester. Minneapolis made bid to desert cellar, won over Ft. Wayne, St. Louis and Syracuse while losing only to Rochester.

BOXING

Gene Fullmer, free-swinging middleweight brawler from West Jordan, Utah, blasted away at Rocky Castellani with both hands, won bloody but close 10-rounder at Cleveland to move up as contender for Sugar Ray Robinson's title.

Eduardo Lausse, 3-to-1 favorite who had won 31 straight, ran into hatful of trouble, was floored by sneak right hand in seventh round, had to rally to earn 10-round draw with lightly regarded Milo Savage in New York.

New York Guild went into withering decline when 1) Maryland's Governor McKeldin (*see above*) balked efforts of managers to move into Baltimore; 2) IBC Promoter Jim Norris, mindful of his TV commitments and Madison Square Garden interests, decided to continue promoting in New York. Al Weill promptly resigned from Guild, started wholesale movement in that direction as managers hustled to fall in line with Commissioner Julius Helfand's ukase (*see page 9*).

TRACK AND FIELD

Sandor Iharos, remarkable Hungarian who spent year scattering records hither and yon but is now sidelined by ailing ankle, was credited with five new world marks by International Amateur Athletic Federation in London. Iharos' new records: 8:33.4 for 2 miles; 13:14.2 for 3 miles; 3:40.8 for 1,500 meters (equaled by Hungary's Laszlo Tabori and Denmark's Gunnar Nielsen); 7:55.6 for 3,000 meters; 13:40.6 for 5,000 meters. U.S. stars got recognition for five new standards: Lon Spurrier of San Francisco, 1:47.5 for half mile; Lou Jones of New York, 0:45.4 for 400 meters; Dean Smith, Alvin Frieden, Jerry Prewit and Bobby Whilden of University of Texas, 0:40.2 for 440-yard relay; Franklin (Bud) Held of San Francisco, 268 feet 2½ inches for javelin throw; Rafer Johnson of UCLA, 7,983 points for decathlon.

Lon Spurrier had busy week in Melbourne. First he took on world mile record-holder (3:58) John Landy in special half-mile race, threw out his chest in time to nip comeback-bound Aussie in 1:51.8. Three days later, Spurrier ran 1,000 meters in 2:23.8 to break Australian record, drew admiring praise from spectator Landy—"Gosh, that fellow moved beautifully."

FOOTBALL

Jim Tatum, long sought after by his alma mater, finally made up his mind: he passed up unusual offer of life tenure as football coach and athletic director at Maryland (after nine years and 73-15-4 record) to return to North Carolina. Said Tatum, "It's like an old Br'er Rabbit going back to the rabbit patch." Other coaching shifts: Tatum's assistant, 31-year-old Warren Giese, was named head coach at South Carolina; Peter Elliott, 29-year-old Oklahoma aide, moved over to Nebraska as head coach.

Auburn's pile-driving **Joe Childress** smashed over for touchdowns in first and last periods to give South, coached by Cleveland Browns' Paul Brown, 12-2 victory over North in pro showcase Senior Bowl at Mobile, Ala.

San Francisco's Y. A. Tittle put on spectacular aerial show, completed 20 of 28 passes for 340 yards and six touchdowns (three by Crazylegs Hirsch) as pro Hawaii All-Stars romped over College All-Stars in Hula Bowl at Honolulu.

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Verdict of the Associated Press writers' poll)
Team standings this week (first-place votes in parentheses):

	Points
1—San Francisco (94)	1,145
2—Dayton (12)	1,026
3—North Carolina State (1)	692
4—Vanderbilt (4)	545
5—Kentucky (1)	515
6—Duke (1)	328
7—Ohio State	285
8—Illinois	273
9—North Carolina	238
10—Temple	155

RUNNERS-UP: U. of Holy Cross (1) 143, 12, Indiana 130, 13, Louisville (1) 99, 14, George Washington 96, 15, Iowa State 73.

MILEPOSTS

HONORED—**Otto Graham** of Northwestern, **Frankie Albert** of Stanford, **Howard Harpster** of Carnegie Tech, **Gen. Robert R. Neyland** of Tennessee, among 11 one-time college stars and three coaches elected to National Football Hall of Fame at Rutgers University, by Honors Court of National Football Foundation. The others: Players Lynn Bomar of Vanderbilt, Paul Christman of Missouri, Bill Dudley of Virginia, Walter Gilbert of Auburn, Jim Leach of VMI, Gaynell Tinsley of LSU, Kenny Washington of UCLA, Don Whitmire of Navy; Coaches L. R. (Dutch) Meyer of TCU, Elton (Tad) Wieman of Michigan.



Patty Berg, stocky veteran golfer who won both money-winning title ($16,492) and Vardon Trophy (74.47-stroke average), got her only competition from ailing Babe Zaharias, ran off with woman-athlete-of-year honors.



Joe Deady, nearly forgotten former Georgetown star, was given chance to run when Wes Santee turned up with leg injury, made most of it by ripping off 3 3/4-mile run in swift 3:01.2 to set new world indoor record in New York.



Hashim Khan, hustling 41-year-old Pakistani, came from behind to vanquish his younger brother Azam for U.S. Open squash racquets title in New York, moved on to Toronto where he again defeated Azam in pro-amateur invitational.

HORSE RACING

Segula, 14-year-old dark bay Nashua dam in foal to Nasrullah, went to London Shipping Magnate Stavros Niarchos for record-breaking (for brood mare) $126,000, set pace for sale of 16 yearlings and 23 brood mares, bought from late William Woodward Jr.'s Belair Stud for $410,000 by Mildred W. Woolwine and three associates, for $924,100 at auction in Lexington, Ky.

Career Boy, Cornelius V. Whitney's dark brown son of Phalanx, was surprise choice of Handicapper Frank E. (Jimmy) Kilroe for top weight (126 pounds) among 3-year-olds for Experimental Free Handicap. Rated behind Career Boy: Nail and Needles (125 pounds); Prince John (124 pounds); Swoon's Son (123 pounds); Head Man and Polly's Jet (119 pounds).

GOLF

Julius Boros, to surprise of no one, led pros in winnings with $63,121 ($50,000 in George May's "world championship"), but **Sammy Snead,** nagged by ailing back, surprised by averaging 69.86 for 63 rounds to capture Vardon Trophy for fourth time.

AUTO RACING

Stirling Mosa, daring British racer, drove last 20 laps with petrol spraying over him from leaky fuel line, managed to average 78.4 mph in his Maserati to win 210-mile New Zealand Grand Prix at Auckland.

HOCKEY

Detroit, still making long uphill climb, bowed to New York 5-4 but bounced back to beat league-leading Montreal 5-2, pushed past slump-ridden Boston 4-3 with help of two 55-foot goals by veteran Gordie Howe, now trailed second-place Rangers by three points in National Hockey League race. Toronto routed Chicago 4-2, Boston 6-2, contributed to 7-game Bruin losing streak.

SKIING

Soviet women skiers showed up impressively in Swiss open championships at Grindelwald, sweeping first six places in cross-country as 25-year-old Rosa Erochina, student at Moscow Institute of Railways, led field. Other winners: Switzerland's Madeleine Borthod in downhill; Poland's Maria Kowalska in slalom; Germany's young (22) Evi Lanig in giant slalom.

Austria's powerful Alpine squad appeared to be good bet for Cortina after nerveless Tony Sailer zoomed down accident-strewn Lauberhorn to capture downhill, and Anderl Molterer took slalom in men's competition at Wengen.

FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL
Nell Basketball Assn.

EASTERN DIVISION

1. Philadelphia	Roch	Ft W	Syr	N Y
W 21, L 10	130-100	102-82	88-87	104-97
Pct .677		81 92		95-83
2. Boston	N Y.	Syr	Roch	
W 18 L 12	97 107	86-103	105-99	109-111
Pct .600	92-87			
3. New York	Bost	Phila		
W 17 L 16	107-97, 103-86	97 104		
Pct .515	87 92	83 95		
4. Syracuse	St L	Phila	Bost	Minn.
W 16 L 17	84-82	87-88	99-105	91-99
Pct .485				

WESTERN DIVISION

1. Ft Wayne	Minn	Phila.	Roch	St L	
W 17 L 15	89-95	82-102	88-86	108-97	
Pct 531		92-81		91 96	
2 Rochester	Phila	Ft W	Minn	Bost	
W 15 L 19	100 130	86 88	103-98	111-109	
Pct 441					
3. St. Louis	Syr	Minn	Ft W.		
W-12, L 18	82-84	76-94	97-108		
Pct .400			96-91		
4. Minneapolis	Ft W.	St L	Roch	Syr	
W 12 L 21	95-89	94-76	98-103	99-91	
Pct 364					

BOXING
VIRGIL AKINS, 5-round TKO over Rudolph Bent, welterweights, Holyoke, Mass.
BOBBY BELL, 10-round decision over Buddy Evans, featherweights, Hollywood, Calif.

CURLING
ST. GEORGE CURLING CLUB, Montreal, skipped by Fred Rubbra, over Milwaukee rink, 15-8, for Michigan Trophy, Detroit.

HORSE RACING
STAR OF ROSS, $28,500 San Gabriel Handicap, 1¼ m., by 1 length, in 2:01 1/5, Santa Anita, Calif. Rogelio Trejos up.
BOBBY BROCATO, $27,800 San Pasquel Handicap, 1 1/16 m., by 4½ lengths, in 1:43 3/5, Santa Anita. George Taneuchi up.
HELFAST, $18,050 Robert E. Lee Handicap, 1 1/16 m., by 4 lengths, in 1:42 3/5, Tropical Pk., Fla., Joey Culmone up.

HOCKEY
Nell Hockey League

1. Montreal	Detroit	Chicago	
W 25 L 8, T 7	2-5	3-1	
Pts 57			
2. New York	Detroit	Chicago	
W 19 L 12, T 6	5-4	3-5	
Pts 44			
3. Detroit	New York	Montreal	Boston
W 14 L 12, T 13	4-5	5-2	4-3
Pts 41			
4. Toronto	Chicago	Boston	
W 14, L 19, T 7	4-2	6-2	
Pts 35			
5. Chicago	Toronto	Montreal	New York
W 13 L 20, T 8	2-4	1-3	5-3
Pts 34			
6. Boston	Toronto	Detroit	
W 8 L 22, T 8	2-6	3-4	
Pts 25			

(Colleges)
MINNESOTA, over RPI, 5-3, RPI tournament final, Troy, N.Y.

GOLF
CHICK EVANS, Chicago Senior Bowl tournament, with 228 for 54 holes, Point Clear, Ala.
MRS. MAURICE GLICK, Baltimore, first natl. women's invitation amateur, with 310 for 72 holes, Sebring, Fla.

MOTORBOATING
EZIO SELVA, Italy, 10 m. Governor's Cup, in 8:25, Festival of Venice regatta, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

MOTORCYCLING
WILLIAM POSTEL, La Canada, Calif., 151 m., AMA-sanctioned race, on TR-6, Big Bear Lake, Calif.

SKIING
ART DEVLIN, Lake Placid, N.Y., St. Lawrence U. Snow Ball meet, with jumps of 182 & 184 ft.

SOCCER
(Natl. Challenge Cup)
Elizabeth Falcons 2—Newark Portuguesa 0
Brooklyn Hakoah 5—Seguia 2
Ludlow Lusitano 4, Young Nationals 2
Philadelphia Uhriks 7—Baltimore 1

TENNIS
ARMANDO VIEIRA, Brazil, over Allen Morris, 6-3, 6-3, 6-8, 14-12, men's singles, Tampa, Fla.
SHIRLEY FRY, St. Petersburg, Fla., over Mrs. Dorothy Head Knode, 6-4, 3-6, 6-3, women's singles, Dixie tournament, Tampa, Fla.

RESULTS OF 100 LEADING COLLEGE BASKETBALL GAMES

EAST
Canisius 77—St. Bon. 47
Canisius 71—Fordham 63
Conn. T. 69—Penn St. 62
Colgate 86—NYU 69
Columbia 73—Cornell 67
Dayton 83—Iona 64
Holy Cross 85—Conn. 68
Holy Cross 59, Fordham 53
LaSalle 87—W. Virginia 71
Niagara 89, Lafayette 59
Penn 69, Dartmouth 66
Penn 63—Brown 54
Pitt 95, Yale 74
Pitt 72, Columbia 58
Princeton 85—Brown 58
Princeton 90, Dartmouth 82
St. John's 79—Prov. 59
St. John's 66—Rhode Is. 61
Seton Hall 68—Bost. C. 53
Syracuse 85—Cornell 67
Temple 90—Scranton 80
Temple 81, Lehigh 48
Villanova 54—W. Virginia 53
Xavier (O.) 92—Ga. Tech 67

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
Alabama 69—Mississippi 65
Arkansas 85—Baylor 64
Auburn 89—Florida 77
Auburn 81—Miss. St. 68
Clamson 98—Miami (Fla.) 96
Duke 68—N. Car. St. 58
Fla. St. 78—Miami 76
Furman 102—Newberry 53
Houston 82—Wichita 77
Kentucky 104, Ga. Tech 51
LSU 96—Georgia 77
Maryland 76—S. Car. 57
Maryland 62—Geo. Wash. 48
Maryland 71—Clemson 63
Memp. St. 79, Miami 71
Missouri 51—Arkansas 50
N. Carolina 95—LSU 69
Richmond 130—Furman 92
Richmond 78—Geo. Wash. 67
Rice 89—Texas A&M 77
St. Louis 110—LSU 79
St. Louis 76—Houston 73
S. Hall 69—Loyola (Md.) 54
SMU 87—Rice 66
SMU 66—Texas 63
Spring Hill 102—Clem. 91
Spring Hill 69—Memp. St. 65
Syracuse 71—Navy 65
Texas A&M 90, Baylor 70
TCU 73—Texas 67
Tulane 72—Georgia 56
Vanderbilt 84, Tenn. 57
Vanderbilt 89—W&M 80
Virginia 64, S. Car. 83
Wake Forest 64—Duke 71
Wake Forest 76—N. Car. 71
W. Va. 98, Wash. & Lee 84

WEST
Cin. 74—Duquesne 52
Dayton 68, Duquesne 52
De Paul 102—Ill. Norm. 77
De Paul 77—Notre Dame 74
Detroit 106, Bradley 91
Detroit 80—Tulsa 72
Illinois 73—Mich. St. 65
Indiana 94—Northwest. 81
Indiana 75—Wis. 71
Kansas 65—Okla. A&M 62
Kansas 77—Oklahoma 65
Kans. St. 67, Colo. Pac. 36
Kans. St. 68—Iowa St. 64
Marquette 74—U. of Pacific 43
Marquette 85—Loy. (La.) 68
Michigan 81, Minnesota 79
Michigan State 65, Iowa 64
Notre Dame 83—Butler 69
Ohio St. 79, Mich. 66
Okla. City 58, Tulsa 50
Purdue 78—Wisconsin 66
Purdue 68—Northwest. 54

FAR WEST
Brigham Y. 73—Montana 64
Calif. 52—S. Calif. 51
Colorado 78, Nebraska 63
Oregon 67—Portland U. 61
Oregon St. 59—Wash. St. 40
San Fran. 62, Pepperdine 51
S. Calif. 77—Calif. 64
Stanford 58, Wash. 46
Stanford 51—St. Mary's 50
UCLA 92—Idaho 73
UCLA 78—Idaho 61
Utah 71, Montana 56
Utah 74—Utah State 55
Washington 57—Stanford 42
Wash. St. 58—Oregon St. 52
Wyoming 66—Denver 51

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Would you permit your husband or wife to take a pleasure cruise alone?

LUBA MALINA



Comedienne
New York

"No, sir. A cruise in balmy waters is almost unreal, particularly if a husband haan't taken one alone. His pleasure cruises must be with me. They'd be real. He wouldn't get into trouble. I've got a great guy and I'll never get another like him. I want to feast my eyes on him all the time."

FRED D. RUSSELL



Branch sales manager
Louisville, Ky.

"Yes. I trust my wife. If a husband isn't suspicious, he won't object to an occasional separation in which his wife will have a good time. A man who loves his wife wants her to bave a good time. Would she let me take a cruise alone? My son doesn't think so, and I think he's right."

MRS. EDWARD SULZBERGER



Housewife
New York

"*Absolutely not!* After all, I married him for better or worse. He'd better not take a pleasure cruise alone! Don't I trust him? I certainly do. But how about the lone women who take these cruises? Are they going on the advice of their doctors, for their health? Don't make me laugh."

RALPH E. CONRAD



Retired
Oakland, Calif.

"Yes, I'd let my wife go. There's so much opportunity for fun in the world; too bad we don't enjoy it. Many of my friends have died working for money which brings them no pleasure. I'd like my wife to have as good a time as the other lone women on a cruise—I go away to hunt and fish."

MRS. EMILY H. SLORP



Housewife
Cleveland, Ohio

"About 10 years ago, I'd have been reluctant. I'm reminded of Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes' remark, 'Oh, to be 60 again,' when a sweet young thing gave him a devastating smile. But 10 years does make a difference. People tend to become more tolerant with the years."

MRS. ORMOND V. GOULD



Housewife
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

"It depends on his definition of the word 'pleasure.' And whether or not a husband is 70 or over. My husband isn't 70, but I'd let him go. Unlike most men, a pleasure cruise for him is rest and relaxation. He knows this isn't a back-handed compliment. We understand each other perfectly."

MRS. NINA RAO CAMERON



Immigration lawyer
New York

"No. It's not that I don't trust my husband. I do. But there are so many scheming women on cruises. Some go alone or they go in pairs. The men want to mind their own business, but these women won't let them. Lots of them go on cruises to book a man. And a man is a man."

MRS. W. L. RICHARDS



Housewife
Lafayette, Col.

"Certainly. Often after a separation a husband and wife appreciate each other more. That is, if their home ties are strong enough. A smart wife never holds too tight a rein. Policing a husband is one sure way of losing him. Anyway, a fling can get tiresome, too. It isn't a lasting thing."

PAUL O. GRISCHY



Attorney
Cincinnati, Ohio

"Yes, if she can afford it. Why not? A cruise is a wonderful experience. I'm positive she wouldn't be lonesome a minute. Not with her charm and personality. Me? I couldn't afford to take a cruise alone. Not because of the money; but when I get home I might talk in my sleep."

MRS. PEGGY ROESCHLE



Widow
San Mateo, Calif.

"No. Girls, if you want your husband back, don't let him go. There are many widows on these ships. They have a grand time. I'm one of them. If I met a discontented husband and wanted him, I'd get him. But a happily married man, no. I wouldn't want another woman to do that to me."

MRS. JOHN H. HEINEY



Housewife
Detroit, Mich.

"Yes, I'm married only a few months. My husband and I are still honeymooning. I trust him implicitly. I'm sure he couldn't look at another woman without thinking of our honeymoon. My friends jokingly ask, 'When is the honeymoon over?' Not when my husband takes a cruise alone, I hope."

NEXT WEEK:

Will the western colleges follow the lead of the Ivy group and de-emphasize athletics?



Biggest PLUS in Ski Vacations

AT THE LOWEST FARES YOU'LL FIND!

2 WEEKS FOR TWO ONLY $30.54 PER MO.*

Skiers select the only direct route to the Alps for personalized . . . or conducted all inclusive tours to the finest and favorite ski slopes in the world . . . in the Austrian and Swiss Alps. Take your family along on the Family Fare plan . . . you can SKI NOW . . . PAY LATER.

*PER PERSON USING FAMILY FARE AND PAY LATER PLAN

WRITE FOR FOLDERS . . . CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

SWISSAIR

SKI DESK (DEPT. SI), 10 WEST 49th ST., N. Y. 20, N. Y.
OR OFFICES IN PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO



Handy for Brandy!

4 Crystal Brandy Snifters to Serve Your Hennessy Cognac

Through special arrangements by the makers of famous *** Hennessy Cognac Brandy, you can now obtain these crystal, crest-engraved brandy snifters direct from France. Tap the rim with your fingernail and the clear ring reveals the exquisite perfection of this crystal glassware. A set of 4 glasses, shipped direct from Cognac, France, is yours for only $1. The coupon below is for your convenience.

★ ★ ★

HENNESSY

THE WORLD'S PREFERRED
COGNAC BRANDY
84 Proof • Schieffelin & Co. New York

HENNESSY Dept 40N P.O. Box 15A Mt Vernon N.Y.

Here is my dollar for 4 Hennessy Brandy Snifters described in this offer. I will pay 15¢ U.S. Customs handling charge when my glasses arrive.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

NOTE: Sorry, this offer is limited to one set per person. Offer good in U.S.A. and possessions.

"No man ever stands so
Straight as when he
Stoops to help a boy"



BIG BROTHER WEEK—JANUARY 8 to 15th

Write

BIG BROTHERS of AMERICA

Philadelphia 3, Pa.

for information on how you can serve your community as a "Big Brother"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

JIM HORRIS OECIDES TO CUT BAIT • FORGOTTEN MAH RETURHS • BASKETBALL, PARIS STYLE, COMES TO U.S. • AH EAR IS TUHED TO THE VOICE OF THE HOCKEY CROWO • VALUE OF GOLF STROKES

A VICTORY FOR HELFANO— AHO THE PUBLIC INTEREST

THE TRIPLE ENTENTE which has ruled boxing—the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president), the International Boxing Guild (Charley Johnston, president) and the Syndicate (Frankie Carbo, president of boxing)—has split asunder. In less than one eventful week, a boxing commissioner who dared to use his powers of office as no predecessor ever had done has forced realignment of what had been considered an impregnable hulwark against decency in the sport. At the end of that week the wall was crumhling.

The man who did it was Julius Helfand, appointed chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission shortly after SI began its report on hoxing's dirty business. His orders from Governor Averell Harriman: clean up boxing. His unique and simple weapon: the law of the state.

A few weeks ago (SI, Dec. 19) Helfand attacked a main prop of the three-legged entente. He declared that after January 15 any fight manager who helonged to the Boxing Guild of New York, an affiliate of the International, would lose his license. The Guild, he ruled and proved, was a "malevolent influence" on boxing.

The Guild's typical, predictable response was to meet in secret and to vote ("not unanimously but 100%," as Charley Johnston put it) to boycott boxing in New York. The emptiness of the threat echoed in hollow harmony with the heads of the managers, who had let themselves be organized into a state of total subjection to the entente. Very few New Yorkers attend fights in person any more. They see them on TV, like fans in every other state, and, though boxing might move elsewhere, TV sets would still operate in New York. The treasury of New York State takes only a pittance from boxing revenues. Who, then, was alarmed hy the Guild threat?

Jim Norris was. He is not only the principal landlord of Madison Square Garden—and likes to keep it husy—but his Garden also makes the most efficient and popular TV fight locale. As Norris brooded on this contretemps in Miami, a modest rival promoter, the London Sporting Club (Tex Sullivan, president), announced it would fulfill TV commitments by moving its shows from New York to Baltimore. And, oddly, the Maryland hoxing commission, whose Chairman J. Marshall Boone had been first to proclaim in tones as loud as his fancy vests that he would back Helfand, voted to accept the transfer, with Boone ahstaining but not complaining. The Baltimore shows would be promoted locally by Benny Trotta, a draft dodger, bookmaker and friend of Carho. Carbo had, indeed, heen reported in Baltimore no less than four times during the preceding two weeks, completing arrangements for the transfer.

To this development there were simultaneous reactions from Maryland's governor, Theodore R. McKeldin, from Helfand and from Jim Norris. McKeldin ordered an investigation of boxing in his state and called the Maryland boxing commission to Annapolis for a summary report. Baltimore Police Inspector Clarence O. Forrester sped to New York to investigate and filed a confidential report to the governor. Helfand called public attention to the criminal records of Trotta and his associate, Angelo Munafo (who had kept a tavern with prostitutes as waitresses). They were, he said, henchmen of Carbo. Their records alone, he said, would

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Maryland Governor Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin's prompt refusal to let discredited boxing elements regroup in his state ("I want to keep boxing 100% clean here") was blanketed by subsequent developments in the week's news (*see above*), but possessed a significance not lost on boxing managers who had till then been ready to defy New York's clean-up campaign by emigration. In A.D. 1956, when fights come into the home by TV, elected officials are showing signs of increasing alertness to the boxing score.

Australia's Lew Hoad threw a long-distance threat at the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association when he said out loud that he deeply doubted whether he could afford to play in U.S. tournaments this summer for the standard $15-a-day expenses. The Lawn Tennis Association's quick and probably effective response: an invitation to Hoad to bring his tennis-playing wife Jennifer along for an additional $15 per diem.

Australian Olympic officials had a budgetary problem of their own. Wage and contractor demands for overtime work on the new stands for the Melbourne games came to an unexpected $56,000 more. The officials hushed speculation that the stands might not be ready in time, went looking for more money.

Soviet women skiers gave the world a notion of what to expect in the Winter Olympics at Cortina shortly by winning the first six places against medium-strong competition in an international pre-Olympic cross-country meet at Grindelwald. No. 1 finisher and a competitor to watch was 25-year-old Rosa Erochina, a student at the Moscow Institute of Railways.

Glasgow golfers have gone on strike and are boycotting eight municipal courses. They are protesting recently doubled greens fees, which were raised to 42¢ on Sundays and 28¢ on weekdays.

continued from page 9

endanger the New York licenses of Tex Sullivan and his partner, Willie (The Beard) Gilzenberg.

As for Jim Norris, he was suddenly asking if he couldn't please see Mr. Helfand real soon. He boarded a plane in Miami and flew to Canossa. He waited on Mr. Helfand at the commission offices and listened with downcast eye-bags as the commissioner punched home the facts of life about the boxing racket, now that the law is in command. With Norris were Truman Gibson Jr., IBC secretary, and Harry Markson, IBC's director of boxing in New York. They made a solemn little grouping. The commissioner directed his remarks to Norris, who mostly listened. Neither Gibson nor Markson had much to contribute.

As Helfand outlined to the IBC the new philosophy of boxing in New York, Governor McKeldin was duck shooting on Maryland's Eastern Shore but two of his aides were talking firmly to the state's three boxing commissioners. The commissioners returned to Baltimore and reversed themselves. The London Sporting Club would not put on fights in Maryland after all.

Jim Norris hustled from Helfand's office and into a press conference. With some $2,500,000 in TV fees at stake he had a decision to make and he made it. He announced that he would cooperate 100% with Helfand, and the Guild could take the hindmost. The IBC would continue to promote fights in New York. As to Helfand, Norris paid him tribute.

"[He] made us fish or cut bait," Norris said.

As the ship sank at the dock, the hawsers began to fill with scurrying forms. The honor of the first defection belonged strangely enough to a man named Georgie Katz, member of the Guild from Pennsylvania and manager of Gil Turner. For all that he had once declared himself a loyal Guildsman, Katz agreed to let his fighter meet Gene Fullmer at Syracuse on Friday, January 20, in a televised fight under IBC auspices. Then up spoke Al Weill, manager of Champion Rocky Marciano. "I am," he said in Los Angeles, "going along with Julius Helfand and the New York State boxing commission." Weill sent in his resignation from the Guild.

"The Guilt," as Dan Parker put it, "is kilt." For Parker's summation of the events leading up to the happy ending, see page 37.

THE RETURN OF JOHN LANDY

IN THE 17 months which have passed since Roger Bannister edged past him on the last turn of the Mile of the Century at Vancouver, Australia's John Landy has become a forgotten man of track—after the excitement of last year's great season, in fact, it sometimes became a little difficult to remember that his mark of 3:58, set at Turku, Finland in 1954, was still the world record. There was little reason to believe that Landy would ever run again. His father felt strongly that a man of 25 was past the age of games ("I was in business before I was that old") and the runner tended to agree with him. And Landy's pride was bruised at Vancouver; standing beneath the stadium in his disheveled green sweat clothes he said sadly, "I've had it." He meant it.

But time heals and hope springs eternal. Last September, while carrying on his duties as a teacher of agricultural science (at Timber Tops, a branch of the famed Geelong Grammar School in the rugged Whittlesea Ranges, east of Melbourne), Landy began training again. Daily for three months he ran uphill and down over rough country. Last month on a vacation at Melbourne he ran on the flat in Central Park, where he had trained for years before setting his record. Even so, he was inclined to resist the idea of trying for the Australian Olympic team. "I don't," he said rather shortly, "want to make a fool of myself." Last week he entered a half-mile race against World Record Holder Lon Spurrier of the touring U.S. track team mostly to see whether he had anything left at all.

Nobody seemed more astounded by the outcome than Landy. He had run no time trials at 880 yards. Ever in his best days, he had never been noted as a sprinter. He himself expected to end up somewhere in the middle of the field. But at 550 yards, despite a fast early pace and a soggy track, he was still fresh. He tore into the lead on the last turn and held it—while 8,000 of his countrymen roared with excitement—until he was but a few yards from the tape. Though the laboring American finally caught him (Spurrier won, the judge decided, by a scant two inches), both men were clocked in 1:51.8. It was the fastest half mile of Landy's life—under the circumstances an astounding performance. Almost as soon as he had gotten his breath he announced that he would return to the wars as a miler in the Olympics.



LOOK OUT BELOW

If a skier looks grim
As a man with a cavity,
Just where, after all,
Would he get without gravity?

—RICHARD ARMOUR

FRENCH FRIED

THE FANS of the Lake Forest (Ill.) College basketball team were in high good humor. Lake Forest had won six games, lost none so far this season and now there was to be an evening of relaxation. The program read: Lake Forest vs. University of Paris. Not Paris, Ill., which might be a serious matter, but Paris, France. Could anything be more amusing than a team from Paris, France invading the very heartland of basketball?

As the game began, it seemed sure that this was to be an evening of comedy. For one thing, the captain of the French team was a 5-foot 9-inch, spindle-shanked little man named Bernard Planque who looked like a daguerreotype of the village barber. For another thing, the visitors played a game that looked absurdly old-fashioned. They refused to enter the frantic shoot-and-rebound American style of play; instead they concentrated on ball control, an occasional well-executed fast break and set plays off the double-pivot offense. Of course, even when they worked the ball inside, the Parisians didn't look too good as they heaved the ball flat-footed toward the basket from some off-balance stance.

But, incredibly, the shots were dropping in. With an American member of the Paris team, Martin Feinberg, doing a whale of a job off the backboards, the visitors drew away to a 6-1 lead, stretched it to 24-12 before startled Lake Forest rallied to tie it at 30-30.

But, again paced by Feinberg, Paris scored three baskets in rapid succession to lead 36 34 at the half. In the second half, the old-fashioned ways of the visitors and their possession tactics carried them to a 69 64 victory with the American Feinberg scoring 20 of the visitors' points.

But Martin Feinberg actually had done a great deal more than that. Son of a onetime Cleveland cab driver and now studying at the University of Paris under the GI bill, Feinberg had dreamed up the idea of an American tour for his team. A firm believer in the value of sports in international relations, he wrote to Dan Ferris and Lyle Foster of the AAU for help in lining up a schedule of games over here. They agreed and with six games scheduled, Feinberg got the players themselves to chip in $70 apiece, the University of Paris Club to underwrite a deficit up to $500. With their share of gate receipts, the tourists are almost getting by on an austere per diem allowance of $6. Still, the deficit is certain to be more than the $500 guaranteed back in Paris.

But last week came real hope for solvency. Mr. Foster of the AAU picked up a phone and found a State Department official named Edmund Thomas on the other end.

"You're giving away billions of dollars," cried Foster, "and here's the best example of international good will I've ever seen. I want you to pick these boys up in Baltimore, take them back to Washington and give them a royal good time. And don't let 'em go back on some boat—fly 'em over on a transport so they'll have that extra time here. They haven't even seen New York yet. If you don't, you're nuts."

Mr. Thomas said he thought he was not that nuts and promised that the State Department would do exactly what Mr. Foster suggested.

THE HOCKEY CROWD

IT HAS its finest flowering at Montreal, home of Les Canadiens of the National Hockey League. There is no crowd exactly like it anywhere. At times every member of it appears to react at the same split second so that the crowd seems to speak or roar or moan with a single voice.

It is always a capacity crowd. On the afternoon of the crucial games, thousands fill the streets outside the Montreal Forum, hoping to buy standing room. There is a waiting list of thousands for season tickets, but there is rarely one to be had. Ticket holders provide in their wills for the disposition of their precious reservations.

It is a tidy crowd. It is not permitted to smoke and so it chews gum and sucks lozenges. No vendors roam the aisles. Between periods almost everyone (except for standees who do not wish to lose their places) files out for refreshments and cigarets below the stands. No beer is sold, but there is coffee and hot chocolate and soda and hot dogs.

It is a bilingual crowd. Announcements over the loudspeaker are made



first in French, then in English. In the heart of the crowd, English predominates, but the cries from high in the gallery are exclusively French. During a lull in the action, a gallery voice rings out: "*Grouille toi!*" which is to say, "Move!" or, translating freely, "Get the lead out!" Another voice calls, "*Patine! Patine!*" to a slow-moving player, urging him to "Skate! Skate!" Still another cries, "*Surveille ton homme!*" or "Cover your man!" Among the standees in the lower stands there is a knot of French-speaking fans, and caught and held fast by them is a red-faced little man who is the image of Jiggs of the comic strips. Unable to move, the little man is stuck for the evening with comrades he is unable to understand, and every now and then he wails: "What happened?" and "Where is everybody?" It is obvious that he has not had a drop of hot chocolate this night which happens to be New Year's Eve.

Despite the fact that it is New Year's Eve, the crowd is on its best behavior. Except for Jiggs and a few others, there is no evidence of pregame celebrating. Hockey is too serious a matter in Montreal to be blurred by too many cocktails.

Because it is New Year's Eve, there are more children than usual among the 13,000 patrons. This has been the day when French children receive their gifts and the luckiest ones have been given this extra special treat. For many, it is obviously the first hockey game they have seen. As the crowd suddenly roars, a little girl in a fur-trimmed hat, no more than 5 years old, turns to a proper-looking man in a Homburg and fur-collared great coat to ask: "What is it, Papa?" "The Rocket has the puck!" replies Papa, jumping to his feet an instant later to scream, "*Le coude, le coude!*" ("The elbow!") as he considers a Chicago Blackhawk to be giving the jab to the idol of all Montreal, Maurice (The Rocket) Richard. When the referee does not react, Papa joins a chorus of "*Choo! Choo!*" the Gallic booing form, and then cries out as an afterthought, "*Achete toi des longue-rues!*" This last advises the referee to invest in a pair of binoculars.

When Chicago opens the scoring in the 10th minute of the first period, a resentful murmur sweeps over the arena. Then the crowd pouts in silence. But three minutes later, Henri (The Pocket Rocket) Richard, younger brother of the incomparable Maurice,

continued on next page



"You'll find that sensation of dwarfed insignificance passes quickly and is replaced by a feeling of lordly power."

continued from page 11

passes to the Rocket himself in front of the goal and the score is tied. The explosion lacks only a mushroom cloud. Seconds later, Kenny Mosdell scores again for Les Canadiens and in a box high in the rafters, a fur-coated woman spectator leans precariously over the edge to pound her fist against an advertisement in sheer joy. (For a report on Les Canadiens and what makes them such an engrossing team, see next week's issue.) In the stands below, men embrace each other and pretty girls laugh and let themselves be kissed. The little man who looks like Jiggs implores the French-speaking fans who have hemmed him in: "What happened, what happened?" Nobody tells him.

Now the Pocket Rocket is slammed into the fence by Allan Stanley of the Chicagoans and is carried off with a sprained ankle, and for the first time the crowd bares its fangs. "*Choo, choo!*" yells Papa as his little girl looks up at him anxiously, "get Stanley, get Stanley!" The gallery roars, "*Assomme le!*" which is to say, "Slug him!" Maurice the Rocket does not fail them. He nails the villainous Stanley with a bodycheck that sends him sprawling and the crowd goes off, happily avenged, to the concession stands below the stands.

Watching the crowd at the counters where the hot chocolate is sold, a stranger finds it difficult to believe that some part of the same kind of crowd participated in the riots of last spring. It is better not to mention the affair in Montreal now, for the city still feels the shame.

This does not mean that the crowd has become afraid to let its righteous anger boil up a little when events on the ice call for it. Thus, in the final period, when Les Canadiens break a 3-3 tie and stage a stick-whacking, body-slamming rally, the crowd lets itself go. And when this Chicago person, this Monsieur Tiny Tony Leswick, dares to make himself objectionable to Jean Beliveau and the Rocket himself and when the idiot of a referee fails to see things as clearly as the crowd can, what is there to do but roll up newspapers and programs and hurl them down on the ice and (this is a real sacrifice for it is snowing heavily outside) pull off one's overshoes and aim them as well at the dull-witted officials? Could a man who calls himself a citizen of Montreal do less?

But depend upon the Rocket, Maurice Richard, to right matters. Setting up two of the three Montreal goals in the third period (he scored the 500th goal of his career only two nights before) the Rocket sparks the 7–3 victory, and the laughing crowd streams out of the arena with backs being slapped and pretty girls being kissed. Now it is time for the other affairs of the holiday eve and surely there has been enough of hot chocolate for this night. Except, perhaps, that the man who looks like Jiggs could do with a little. The French-speaking fans who held him prisoner all evening have started out now and he finds himself suddenly free. It is too late to learn exactly what has happened, but Jiggs does the least that any friendly fellow can do on a night like this. Throwing out his arms, he raises his misty eyes to the rafters and declaims with bilingual fervor: "Happy New Year to all from Paddy O'Brien! Hinkey dinkey parley voo!"

GOLF BUSINESS, 1955

EACH YEAR about this time the Professional Golfers Association tots up a few figures on how its members performed through the previous twelvemonth. The very paucity of these statistics—such as the total earnings of the 25 leading pros, the average strokes per round of the contenders for the Vardon Cup (which is awarded to the lowest) and the somewhat incomprehensible point scores for the Ryder Cup team competition—simply tend to emphasize the thin diet of the armchair golfer. Once he has digested this small collection of numerals (and it shouldn't take him long if he has passed the fourth grade), there is little left for him to talk about until the arrival of the spring thaw.

It is in the interest of these shut-ins that SI herewith presents some simple mathematical constructions from the available data:

Julius Boros, the leading money winner with $63,121.55 took 6,090 strokes in tournament play and thus earned $10.36 every time he hit the ball.

Bob Duden, of Portland, Ore., whose total earnings in tournament play came to just $20 in 1955, stroked the ball 4,174 times. At that rate he earned five mills a stroke.

All told, the 236 official PGA money winners split a total of $803,459.98 in purses. But the median tournament earnings of all these winners was only $455 for the season. Fortunately, tournaments are only a sideline to most.

The average score per round of the leading 10 money winners (who split $307,034.16) was 70.4. The average of the last 10 (who split $301.11) was 72.26—a difference of only 1.86 strokes per round.

SPECTACLE

THE CROSBY TOURNAMENT

Bing's annual clambake brings the pro stars to the Monterey Peninsula in California to tackle some of golf's great holes

"The finest meeting place of land and water in existence"—so wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, that well-traveled man, after his first visit to the Monterey Peninsula, a hilly, heavily forested jut of land which thrusts itself bodily into the Pacific Ocean 125 miles south of San Francisco. At the time of Stevenson's visit, the peninsula had not yet been invaded by golf. Today it is the home of no less than five courses. Three of these—the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, Cypress Point and Pebble Beach—form the dramatic battleground of the Crosby Invitational Tournament, that annual high point on the winter circuit which this year takes place the weekend of January 13–15. "The Crosby," as it is popularly called, is unique among tournaments in that the contestants play a total of 54 holes, one round over each of the three courses. There is some wonderful trouble in this golfer's paradise, as the photograph at the right perhaps intimates: a contestant in the 1955 Crosby struggles with a recovery from the rocky beach on the 16th at Cypress Point.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED LYON





CYPRESS POINT, along with its other magnificent natural features, contains the most overwhelming stretch of dune land west of Scotland. Below, a foursome putts out on the ninth hole, a short par 4 hemmed in on all sides by sand, sand and more sand.





The West Coast's premier golf event, the Crosby, annually draws thousands of spectators, a goodly number from San Francisco (125 miles to the north) and more than a sprinkling from Los Angeles (350 miles to the south). Some are lured by the prospect of viewing celebrities like Hope and Crosby up close, but for the majority the big thing is the great golf the pros play on the peninsula's great courses

TOPCOATED against the customary "unusual" January chill, Crosby spectators encircle a green on the in nine at Pebble Beach, where eight of the 18 holes skirt the rugged, cliff-lined bay.

FAVORITE OF PHOTOGRAPHER and bane of golfer, the picturesque 7th green at Pebble Beach—only 110 wind-whipped yards from the elevated tee—is all but engulfed by sand traps and surrounded on two sides by the booming waters of Carmel Bay.





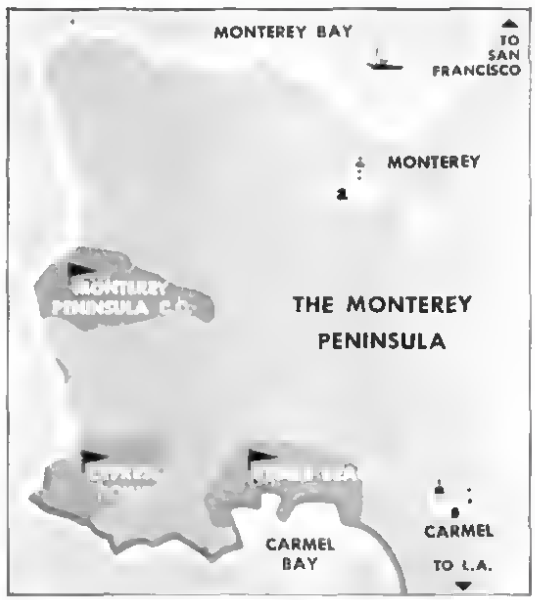
WORLD'S MOST SPECTACULAR PAR 3, the 16th at Cypress Point, a ruiner, requires that the golfer carry a forbidding inlet of the Pacific to reach safety and the apron of the green over 200 yards away. In the 1954 Crosby, Porky Oliver took a 16 here. Crosby, a sound golfer, is one of that select group who has done it in one. Timorous golfers can play an alternate route to the left.

Jon Brenneis

HOST: BING CROSBY

Bing's annual January golf tournament has burgeoned into a major event but still reflects the sponsor's easy informality

SOMETIMES in this day and age, when most people seem to soak up a sense of public relations before they have mastered long division, it takes a while to tell if a public figure honestly loves sport for itself or if he is one of that ever-growing group whose devotion to sport is motivated by a cold appreciation of what sport can do for them. There has never, however, been the slightest confusion about where Bing Crosby stands. He is, in his attitude toward sports, what you might call the amateur's amateur: he loves to play them (and plays them well); he loves to talk them (and talks them whenever he can); and, in truth, he is that rare celebrity who has found that one of the sourer fruits of fame is that he cannot simply go out, like the average fellow, and shoot a quick nine or take in a ball game when the spirit happens to move.



THE THREE GREAT COURSES clustered on the Monterey Peninsula form the tourney's unique venue.

It was Crosby's straightforward pleasure in the skills and the companionship of the pro golfers he knew as friends which led him way back in 1937 to undertake the sponsorship of an annual tournament on the winter tour. Starting out as just a little get-together at the Rancho Santa Fe course in southern California, "the Crosby" has grown over the years into perhaps the most enjoyable and flavorful event on the entire tournament-a-week trek that leads to Augusta and the Masters. Since 1947 it has been held on the Monterey Peninsula as a three-day, 54-hole affair, the first 18 over the Cypress Point course, the second 18 over the Monterey Peninsula Country Club and the third and climactic round over Pebble Beach. Crosby, by the way, has a home just off the 13th fairway at Pebble Beach, a very handy spot for a little after-dinner practicing.

Bing foots the bill for all of the tournament's expenses, including the $15,000 prize money, thus enabling the total proceeds from admissions and the program to go to local charities. This has added up over the years to quite a substantial figure, about $250,000, the bulk going to the construction of four youth centers and sizable portions to churches, polio research and an old people's home. It was very much in character when Bing stepped forward this past December, at the time when golf's leaders in the wake of the Deepdale incident were pondering the problem of big-money gambling in golf, and announced—the first sponsor of a major tournament to do so—that henceforth there would be no Calcutta pool at his tournament.

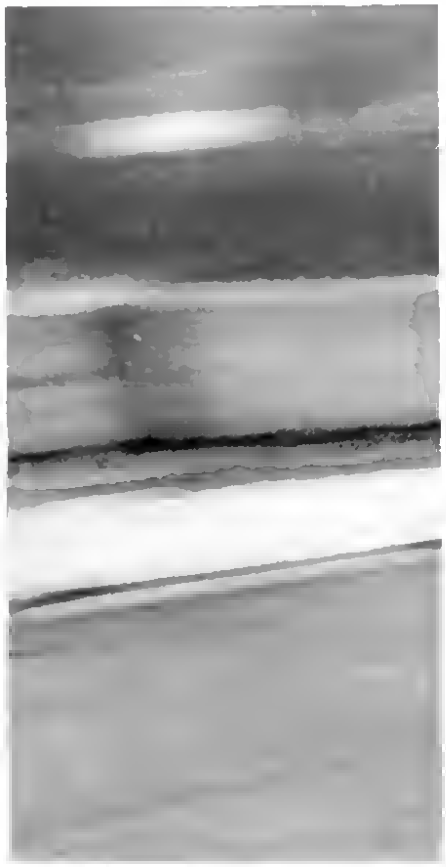
Along with the orthodox strokes-play tournament for the pros, "the Crosby" offers the simultaneous attraction of a 54-hole pro-amateur event, with a high percentage of the amateurs being celebrities from other fields who play pretty fair golf—Johnny Weissmuller, Randolph Scott, Gordon MacRae, Ernie Nevers, Leo Durocher, Buddy Rogers, Phil Harris and other stars of stage, screen, sports and business. (Paired with Dutch Harrison, Phil Harris won the 1951 pro-am for their team when he holed an enormous putt across a barranca on the 53rd hole and was so unnerved by his clutch performance that he could barely make it to the clubhouse.) When their schedules permit, Crosby himself and his longtime sparring partner, Bob Hope, participate in the tourney. Bing is an authentic low-70s player, a shotmaker capable enough to qualify for the National Amateur in 1940 and to rip off two birds on the first three holes when he entered the British Amateur in 1950. Bing's bona fide ability makes him a refreshing exception among celebrity-golfers, most of whom are lucky if they can come within 10 strokes of the scores their publicity men release.

All in all, the Crosby Invitational adds up to a first-rate outing—lots of good golf on three challenging courses and then, when the blue of the night meets the gold of the day, lots of good fellowship. END

BRING ON THE HAY BALES

SI goes for a road test ride in the new 130-mph Chevrolet Corvette and finds U.S. motormakers committing themselves to rousing competition

by JOHN FITCH and KENNETH RUDEEN



A TEST MODEL OF THE CHEVROLET CORVETTE.

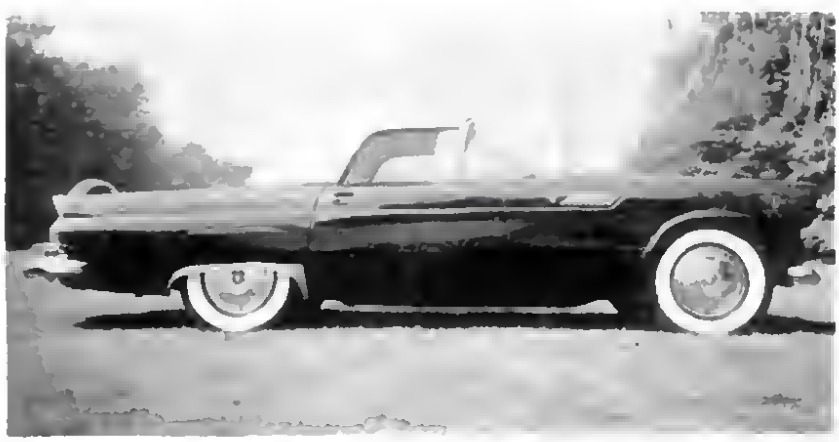
A flash of red catches the eye before the hum of a powerful engine reaches the ear. Far down a straightaway on General Motors' vast proving ground near Detroit a sports car streaks onward in the pale afternoon sunlight. The hum becomes a roar as the steel guts of the car yield more speed: 115 . . . 120 . . . 125. Going flat out as it passes, the car is a red blur against the snow-carpeted earth, and the speed soars to 143 mph. . . .

FIFTY MILES northwest of Detroit a network of test roads scars the pine-studded hills and dales of General Motors' 3,000-acre proving ground. Snow was on the ground one day last week, but the neatly scraped roads were abuzz with the usual scores of cars under test. Not so usual was the car we had come to see and drive. It was a sports car, and that is a term which was only recently added to Detroit's lexicon.

New as the new year, the car was Chevrolet's jaunty 1956 Corvette, which was announced to the public this week and which will make its public bow at the GM Motorama next week in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. As the little two-seater whipped nimbly through a series of acceleration tests and high-speed runs, it became apparent that this is a significant car.

The significance lies not so much in its brisk acceleration and a top speed of more than 130 mph as in the fact that Detroit, in the throes of the industry's hottest production and sales war ever, is aggressively broadening its commitment to sports cars. The giants of Detroit have slumbered while smaller European manufacturers have monopolized the laurels of sports car racing. Like the Ford Thunderbird, the hot new Corvette is a signal that the giants are stirring.

The significant figure behind the Corvette is GM President Harlow Curtice himself. Curtice's philosophy of competition was illuminated earlier in his career when the question involved GM's then-floundering Allison aircraft subsidiary. GM could "continue as is," he was advised, or get out of the aircraft engine business entirely, or make the moves necessary to leadership. Curtice's dictum: he would "only be satisfied with leadership." It was in the same spirit that Harlow Curtice ordered his engineers to overtake Ford's Thunderbird (SI, Dec. 12). The immediate result is the 1956 Corvette featuring a restyled fiber-glass body, a powerful V-8 engine with horsepower hoosted from 195 to 225, a choice for



FORD THUNDERBIRD (1956 model shown here) has been U.S. leader in its field since 1954, and is the car General Motors has set out to overtake with '56 Corvette.



SHOWING 1956'S REDESIGNED FIBER-GLASS BODY, BARRELS DOWN A GENERAL MOTORS SPEED STRIP IN MICHIGAN. NEW CAR BOASTS 225 HP

the first time between automatic transmission and the manually operated gearshift which the racing enthusiast needs and demands.

That America is seeing a Corvette-Thunderbird tussle at all is a tribute to the postwar sports car boom to which Detroit was so long indifferent. When the first small, lively, highly maneuverable European cars began to arrive, many an American discovered a way of motoring that Detroit did not provide. It was a discovery coupled with a sense of fun and adventure—in a way a return to earlier times when the art of driving was a challenge and a pleasure. Chevrolet made the first move with its 1953 Corvette, only to watch Ford come along in 1954 with a more powerful car, with more passenger car comforts. Moreover, Ford discovered that even with nonbuyers the Thunderbird look was astonishingly popular. It brought people into the showrooms, and it made possible one of the shrewdest standard car sales promotions in recent years ("Kissin' cousin to a Thunderbird").

Except for brief and unhappy ventures like the fiber-glass Kaiser Darrin and Nash's Italian-English-American Nash-Healey, the rest of the industry declined to join the chase. It did, however, reflect the sports car influence to the extent of building sporting-type cars—higher performance machines, usually with the same wheelbase as standard models. Examples are the new Studebaker Golden Hawk and cars in each of the Chrysler Corporation's production lines: the Plymouth Fury, the Dodge 500, the DeSoto Adventurer and the Chrysler 300B. With 340 horsepower, the 300B has the most powerful production engine in the U.S.

TOURING NOW, RACING LATER

Sports cars are usually classified either as all-out racing, touring or dual-purpose cars. Chevrolet's new Corvette demonstrated last week that it was a highly suitable sports-touring car with at least modest usefulness right now as a racing machine and with bright promise for the future.

The Corvette is so new that the only car available for test last week was a factory model complete with the new chassis and engine but fitted with a 1955 body shell. Bodies old and new weigh almost the same (of racing significance is the plastic body's lightness).

The hot new engine has been given its 30-horsepower boost over the old (the six-cylinder unit has been discontinued) by the use of two four-throat carburetors rather than one, a compression ratio increased from 8 to one to 9.25 to one and modified manifolds to facilitate engine breathing. At idling speed the engine runs smoothly, without the gasp and burble frequently present with multiple carburetors, and on the road the smoothness of the short-stroke engine is outstanding.

With a spin of the wheels and a chirp from the tires the car surged ahead from a standing start in the main acceleration runs, and in these exhibited an eagerness that would be appreciated in any sports car league: zero to 60 mph in 7.5 seconds and zero to 100 in 19.4, for example.

A primary reason for the excellence of these figures lies in the manually operated three-speed gearbox. Impossible to obtain with the optional automatic transmission, the speeds came without protest with the use of the hand shift. It is too bad that Corvette could not have come up with the kind of four-speed box generally found in European sports cars. As it was, the low gear was a little too low to do the work of second on a four-speed gearbox, second too low for the work of third, and the ideal ratio for the hard pull from a dead stop was forgone entirely. But since any touring model necessarily includes compromises and the cost of a new four-speed box for the Corvette alone would be very high, this point is one for future remedy.

The brakes were effective for two

continued on next page

continued from page 19

consecutive emergency stops from 100 mph, which is sufficient for touring purposes. But it is axiomatic that touring car brakes are inadequate to the demands of racing and lead to sharp disputes with the hay bales that mark fast-looming corners. Possibly Chevrolet will make available, as other manufacturers have, a racing brake kit providing better cooling, larger drums, or another of several solutions.

Handling qualities of the car were good. It will not take an experienced road racer to travel swiftly and surely in the Corvette; with its tidy 102-inch wheelbase and chassis improvements, the car responded quickly and recovered naturally.

In the top speed runs, made over a pair of especially opened 2.5-mile straightaways, the Corvette traveled north in a mild three-mph wind from south southeast to reach the best figure—133 mph. Southward the car hit 130 mph for an excellent average above the 130-mph mark. An optional rear axle ratio of 3.27 to one will be available, incidentally, and with it the enthusiastic driver will he able to achieve an even better top speed than with the standard 3.55 to one ratio.

The new Corvette body shows a few changes from the old. Gone are the jutting taillights and recessed, mesh-covered headlights. The headlights now project forward slightly. Formerly unbroken, the side contour of the car now contains a sculptured depression, outlined with chrome. A push button controls the raising of the convertible plastic top, and a plastic hardtop that fastens easily and quickly is available at extra cost. Side windows have replaced side screens; the crank-up kind are standard, with power-operated windows optional.

Though the weight of 2,930 pounds with optional radio, heater, power windows and five gallons of gas is not light for a racing sports car, it is a significantly low figure in a touring-sports car of this large displacement. It implies good performances in several departments which are difficult to measure but highly important: brake loading is relieved, tire wear diminished, cornering improved and fuel consumption reduced. All these factors, incidentally, become vital when the car is raced.

So that is the new Corvette, in performance and packaging. If SI's experts are correct in defining a sports car as a lawful road car in which varying degrees of convenience, accommodation and economy are sacrificed for a performance demonstrably superior to other current cars of similar displacement, then the Corvette qualifies with resounding impact.



ENGINEER Zora Duntov, who is responsible for some of Corvette's mechanical advances, discusses them with John Fitch.

No production schedule for the St. Louis assembly plant has been announced, hut the car will be available in small quantities at the end of the month. How soon the average showroom shopper might be able to drive one away is conjecture—possihly not until spring. Chevrolet officials said a price scale has not yet been worked out. For 1955 a middle-range price was $3,250. In 1956 the scale will be higher, but by how much remains to be seen.

As the Corvettes appear, speculation on the scrap with Thunderhird will intensify. So far most of the rounds have gone to the Thunderbird. Sales for the first year exceeded 16,000, current production is 65 cars a day, and there is a backlog of 2,500 orders. More than 4,000 Corvettes had been sold by last spring, but current total sales figures are not obtainable.

Introduced in Novemher, the 1956 Thunderbird has generally the same persuasive styling and, with boosted horsepower and a choice of three power plants, will be no easy bird to catch in the sales tussle.

The Corvette itself will be hard to catch on a racing circuit in a match with the Thunderbird, and that kind of race will be worth going to some trouble to see. But beyond that, a Detroit decision to be satisfied "only with leadership," in the Harlow Curtice phrase, will inevitably lead the U.S. down the rough and hazardous road toward the racing championships of the world. If this happens there will he several passengers who will not enjoy the ride. Some stockholders will become shrilly audible and a few policy makers will he violently racing car sick.

But there is only one road to leadership in sports cars. It is lined with hay bales. END

THE CORVETTE STORY IN FIGURES



performance at a glance

Acceleration through gears	0-15 mph:	1.9 secs.
	0-30 mph:	3.4 secs.
	0-50 mph:	5.7 secs.
	0-60 mph:	7.5 secs.
	0-70 mph:	10 1 secs
	0-80 mph:	12.6 secs.
	0-90 mph:	15.2 secs.
	0-100 mph:	19.4 secs.
	0-110 mph:	24.2 secs.
	0-120 mph:	31.7 secs.
Standing 1/4 mile		15.8 secs.
Maximum speed obtained		133.3 mph
Average (two-way run)		131.7 mph
Fuel consumption (full throttle)		7.5 mpg
(average)		15 mpg
Weather: fair; cold; 3-mph wind		

engine and chassis

No. of cylinders	V-8
Bore	3.75 in.
Stroke	3 in.
Displacement	265 cu. in.
Compression ratio	9.25:1
Maximum output	225 bhp at 5,200 rpm
Maximum torque	270 ft. lbs. at 3,600 rpm
Valves	Overhead pushrod
Carburetors	Twin four-barrel Carter downdraft
Overall ratios	3rd: 3:55
	2nd· 5 96
	1st: 10.63
Rear axle ratio	3.55
(optional)	3.27
Weight (with 5 U.S. gallons)	2,930 lbs.
Steering wheel turns (lock to lock)	3 5/8
Tire size	6.70 x 15

measurements

Wheelbase	102 in.
Tread (front)	56.70 in.
(rear)	58.80 in.
Overall length	168 in.
width	70.46 in.
height (top up)	51.09 in.

A VARIETY GALLERY OF INVADING EUROPEAN SPORTS CARS

MASERATI A6GCS

Among the eye-catching European sports cars in a new display opening at the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Mich. this week is this two-liter example of Italian design and craftsmanship. A racing workhorse of the famed Maserati stable, it is a tough adversary on the world's circuits. It excels on the rougher road courses, in mountain racing and hill climbs where its excellent suspension and brakes win honors in spite of a relatively small engine. Its six-cylinder engine develops 165 hp at 7,000 rpm, speed of 135 mph. Approximate cost $8,500.



ASTON-MARTIN DB2-4

A much-admired example of English taste is this 2.6-liter general-purpose sports car. Aston-Martin has built its reputation on a touring-racing ambivalence with the use of one essential chassis. The type on the right is intended to be primarily a luxurious touring vehicle and only secondarily a competition car. It boasts exceptional comfort and excellent road-holding ability, two usually incompatible features. Price $8,000. After a brilliant Le Mans performance in 1951 this then-novel Anglicized version of Italian body design won world attention.



PORSCHE SPYDER

Porsche's 550 is one of the most successful racing sports cars ever built. Though a "small" car (1,500 cc) among headliners, its speed and staying power are famous in long-distance races. It has proved virtually unbeatable in its class at Le Mans, in the Mexican Road Race and in Italy's Mille Miglia—and has worried, not to say embarrassed, drivers of potentially faster, more powerful cars. At the 1955 Le Mans it finished fourth. Developed by Ferry Porsche, it descends in lineage directly from the humble, Porsche-designed Volkswagen.



GREGOIRE

One of the novelties of the Dearborn exhibition is a one-of-a-kind car by the French designer J. A. Gregoire, who has himself come over from France to discuss his theories with U.S. *cognoscenti*. This car, which features an opposed four-cylinder engine with supercharger, may be a radical "exercise" or a sleeper. Its designer, always partial to front-wheel drive, has been knocking on manufacturers' doors for a generation. Though a few have let him in (Panhard in recent years) he has had more impact on discussion than on production.



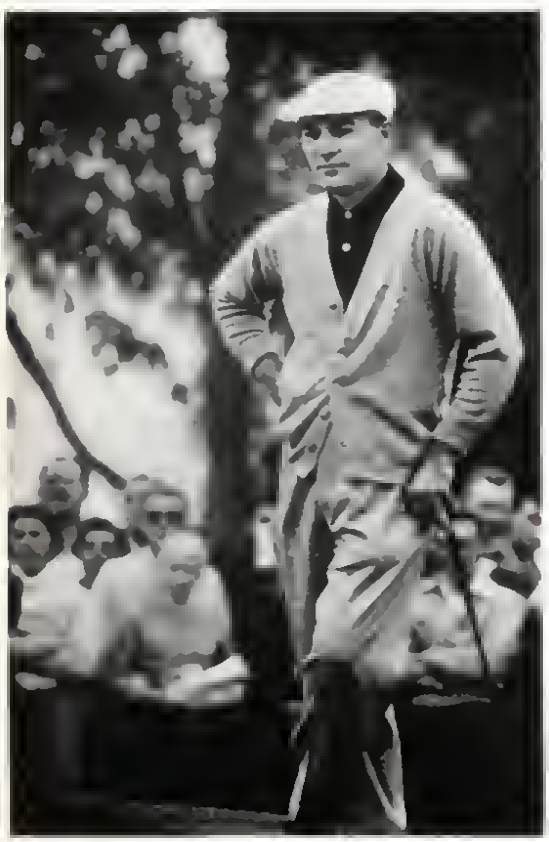
THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

MEN WITH STICKS

From Key West to California—and back across the nation—men were swinging sticks; some for fun, like the President and Ben Hogan; some for money, like Tommy Bolt; and some, it would appear, for blood, like the hockey pros opposite



AN INTENSE IKE appears worried only about chip shot during practice on Key West baseball diamond during two-week vacation in Florida.



A RELAXED HOGAN enjoys life and a low-pressure round of golf in pro-amateur before Los Angeles Open.



AN ECSTATIC BOLT yells for joy as 30-foot putt drops during second round of Los Angeles Open, later was even happier over 8-under-par 63.



TWO HIGH-STICKING HOCKEY PLAYERS form dramatic picture of assault in silhouette as part of fast-skating and furious action during a National Hockey League game between the New York Rangers and Detroit Red Wings in Madison Square Garden.



SILVER PERSIAN Mademoiselle Muffet of Calvert won the second-best-in-show award for owner, Mrs. Thomas L. Martinke.



SLEEK SIAMESE, nap disturbed by one of show's hard-working stewards, heads for judging bench and a chance at a blue ribbon.

WOMEN WITH CATS

Furry and smooth, large and small, cats—and their admirers—descended on New York's Belmont Plaza for the 39th annual show of the Empire Cat Club





PARADING PAST THE CAGES DURING LULL IN JUDGING, RAPTURDUS SPECTATORS PEER INSIDE, SHARE THEIR ENTHUSIASM WITH OTHERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FONS LANNELLI



FLUFFY PERSIAN Longhill's Black Velvet sticks tongue out at owner, Mrs. Robert A. Green, later won prize for third best cat.



WOUNDED JUDGE Mrs. Lucille Pelton bravely ignores bandaged arm, prepares to appraise next entry held by steward.



MRS. ARVID OHLIN'S BLUE FEMALE LONG-HAIR, NIGRETTE DARK EYES OF WIMAUMA, WAS AWARDED THE TOP PRIZE AS BEST CAT IN SHOW

'ROSE BOWL' OF WRESTLING



STRAINING TO BREAK HOLD SOUTHERN CONFERENCE CHAMPION LEWIS GUIDA OF WEST VIRGINIA BEGINS DRIVE TO CLOSE DECISION OVER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIL BLANCHE

Nearly 300 wrestlers from 50 colleges and athletic clubs competed in the 24th holiday meet at little Wilkes College (Pa.), "Wrestling Capital of the East"



NORTHAMPTON, PA. HIGH SCHOOLER BILL MYERS



EVASIVE TACTICS by Hofstra's John Waples, who rolls desperately onto his side to avoid being pinned *(above)* and tries a bridge *(below)*, fail to dislodge grip of former National Champion Frank Bettucci of the Ithaca (N.Y.) Grapplers Club. Latter failed to pin his opponent but won the 147-pound match handily by decision.



SHOULDERS TO THE FLOOR, former Indiana star Robert Carlin and George Creason of Syracuse battle in a 130-pound match. Carlin, now wrestling for the Air Force, was knocked out early in the struggle, revived, then pinned in 5:20. Creason later lost in the finals to Lehigh Freshman Leon Harbold on a pin in 2:58.



PART II

BOB COUSY: THE MAN AND THE GAME

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

Boy and man, the Celtic star has used his skills to remedy basketball's flaws and enhance its delights



COUSY ON THE COURT LAUNCHES PASS AROUND OPPOSING GUARD

IN A GAME this winter in which the league-leading Philadelphia Warriors defeated the Boston Celtics 109–108, Bob Cousy of the Celtics enjoyed what was, even by the standards an expectant public imposes on the finest all-round player in basketball today and perhaps the finest ever, a very good night. During his 40 minutes on the court Cousy scored 29 points on nine field goals and 11 foul shots. Not that this was all he did by a long shot—as usual he built the plays that set up 80% of his team's baskets, pulled off such exclusive Cousyisms as his twice-around-the-back pass, and his unquenchable will to win fired the Celtics to a furious last-quarter rally that all but overcame the Warriors' 12-point lead. But a brief recapitulation of the various ways Bob scored from the floor that evening affords as handy an avenue as any to appreciating why Cousy is held to be, in knowledgeable quarters, the essence of imaginative, exciting basketball.

Cousy scored first on a right-hand hook shot after a combination play with Bill Sharman and Ed Macauley. He scored next on a running layup with his left hand, slipping in from the left and collecting a perfect pass from Macauley, who had faked a jump shot from 10 feet in front of the basket. His third score was on a long left-hand hook (off the backboard) from the left corner after dribbling to the center of the court from the left side, finding no one to pass to and no place to go, then reversing his course and firing as he spun around. Next came on a soft one-hand push shot from just beyond the foul line. Next, a full-tilt layup after he had broken up a Warrior play at midcourt and stolen the ball. Next—a real beauty—a semiunderhand shot with his right hand which he somehow shoveled under the arm of one of two men who apparently had him completely tied up with his back to the basket to the right of the foul line. He followed this with a comparatively unpretty basket, a little two-handed jump shot from about 10 feet out after a set play from out of bounds had gone sour and the rebound from a hurried shot had been kicked around. Finally, as he directed Boston's last-ditch rally, Cousy scored twice more from the floor in addition to five times from the foul line. The first was an orthodox straight-on layup, after he had dribbled the length of the court and effected his opening through the defense by faking his patented behind-the-back pass as he hit the foul line, stuttering that split second and then driving in hard. His last one came after he had caught one of those desperation "forward passes" and, with only one defensive man to beat, feigned a drive to the left and simply dribbled around the man in a quick semicircle to the right.

Heavier scorers you will see, but a virtuosity comparable to Cousy's, no. It is all the more remarkable when you consider that at 6′1½″ he is one of the smallest men in the National Basketball Association and at 27, a veteran of six grueling professional seasons who by all natural laws should be gracefully entering athletic middle age.

Whenever a sports fan watches an ultra-athlete like Robert Joseph Cousy, that old speculation always crosses his mind: how much derives from sheer natural ability, how much from plain hard work? The answer in Cousy's case is 50-50. Nature endowed him with about the full complement of physical assets for basketball: peripheral vision, huge hands and long fingers, a reach two inches longer than the average man h s height, sufficient height, very sturdy legs and, as one Madison Avenue type

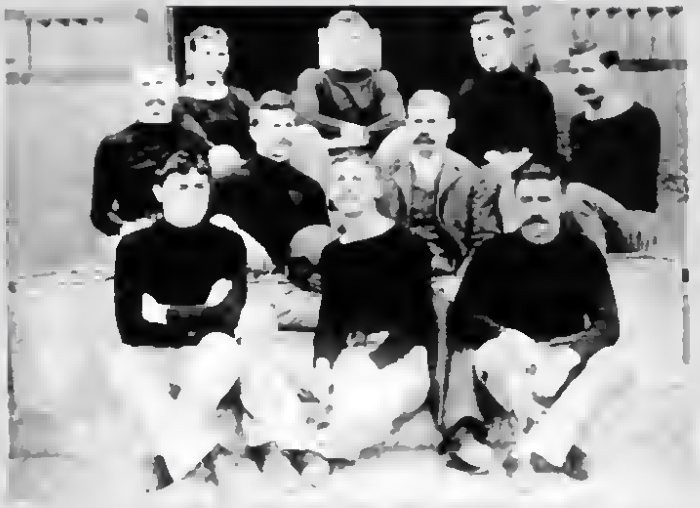
has couched it, "the equilibrium of an antelope, on the rocks, of course." On the other hand, few athletes have surrendered the hours and attention to their sport that Cousy has. At 14 he gave up baseball, since, as he now explains, "I realized that if I played two sports, I wouldn't he ahle to give baskethall the time it needed." In St. Albans, L.I., a town on the eastern rim of the horough of Queens where he grew up, Bob practiced and played hasketball straight through the four seasons and practically every moonlit night, a diurnal inhabitant of either the O'Connell playground or the schoolyard of P.S. 36. He has always heen and continues to he that rarity in sports, the tireless hut intelligent practicer. Three winters ago, for instance, Ed Scannell, the sports editor of the *Worcester Gazette*—Cousy has made his home in Worcester since graduating from Holy Cross in 1950—happened to drop into a local high school gym on one of Cousy's days off between Celtic games. There was Cousy, alone in the gym, ripping up and down the court, leaping each time he hit the foul line and tossing up a one-hander. The teams in the NBA, he explained to Scannell afterward, were playing him to pass when he reached the foul line and he was working on his jump shot, the better to keep them guessing.

This winter the maestro has been practicing a two-hand set, a shot he hasn't used since his sophomore year in college. "You can get the one-hander off quicker," he was recently explaining to a high school inquisitor, "but you can't count on being too accurate with it from more than 22 or 23 feet out. Now that the teams are using the 'sagging defense,' I think a player will need to have a shot in his repertoire that he can rely on from 30 feet out. That means the old two-handed set."

A SHORT CAREER IN MOTOR RACING

St. Albans, where Bob Cousy first caught the basketball bug, was a hard place to escape it. The local high school, Andrew Jackson, had built up a reputation for winning teams, and it became the ambition of every boy in the district to make the team. Baskethall was *the* game in St. Albans, no question about it. Bob's parents, Joseph and Juliette Cousy, had moved to that community from Manhattan when their son, their only child, was about 11 years old. They are extremely interesting and appealing people, the Cousys. Joseph Cousy—a short man of about 5 feet 6 inches, by the way—

continued on next page



DR. NAISMITH AND SOME OF HIS BOYS

Flanked by baskets, James Naismith (*above, in street clothes*), who invented basketball at Springfield College in 1891, sits with one of the college's pioneer teams. Assembled below are six of the outstanding players of the modern era who have advanced Dr. Naismith's game with their imaginative styles: George Mikan, the premier pivot man; Hank Luisetti, who stood 6 foot 3 and could do everything; and four great "small men."



KEN SAILORS



RALPH BEARD



HANK LUISETTI



BOB DAVIES



DICK McGUIRE



GEORGE MIKAN

BOB COUSY

continued from page 29

was born in Belfort near the eastern border of France, the son of a farmer who raised cherries, apples, pigs and some cattle. None of the earlier Cousys had possessed any extraordinary gifts, athletic or otherwise, aside from the family's traditional ability for running one of the most prosperous farms in Alsace-Lorraine. Joseph Cousy's only fling at athletics, if it can be called that, was a short career in automobile racing before World War I, when he competed in a local event, Le Ballon d'Alsace, a road race to the top of one of the highest peaks (3,000 feet) in Les Vosges. He fought in the war, was captured and returned after the armistice to see how the old Cousy farm had fared. Like all border property, it had been trampled into nothing. He looked at it, and the feeling went through him that no efforts could ever restore it and he turned away from it forever. He went into the auto repair business, and when he had saved up enough to buy an auto, he rented his car and his services out to rich families who wanted to tour Europe that way. In 1927 he married Juliette Corlet, the daughter of a maître d'hôtel, who had been born in the United States while M. Corlet was with the Touraine Hotel in Boston. When she was 5, she had gone back with her father to his hometown Dijon, and had in time become a teacher of languages, tutoring the children of well-to-do families. A very French woman, animated, intense and excitable, Mrs. Cousy, a fairly tall woman, was, as she recalls with pleasure when questioned by people seeking clues to her son's exceptional coordination, not a bad tennis player.

The Cousys emigrated to New York, and their son Robert Joseph was born about a month after their arrival. The best job Mr. Cousy could find in the city was driving a taxi. The best home he could afford was a couple of rooms on 83rd street in Manhattan's roughneck Yorkville section ("The games there were stickball and breaking windows," Bob recalls). Mr. Cousy stood it until he could stand no longer to see his son growing up on the streets. Then, mortgaging himself up to his ears, he bought himself a small house in St. Albans, a neighborhood in those days of trees, spaces, some air and some quiet. Mr. and Mrs. Cousy—he preaently works at Idlewild Airport as an administrator in Pan American's maintenance department—still live in that same house in St. Albans, along with a small aviary of 25 canaries and parakeets which Mrs. Cousy keeps. They are basketball fans, and you can see them at most games when the Celtics come to New York to play the Knickerbockers: a small, neat, bespectacled, self-contained gentleman and a tallish, slim, quite handsome and emotional lady, both of them still a little dazed that their son now derives an income of well over $30,000 a year through his proficiency at a game which they long viewed with alarm as a passion that might prejudice his chances for learning a profession or a trade and finding a secure living.

MOTHER'S SPIRIT, FATHER'S CONTROL

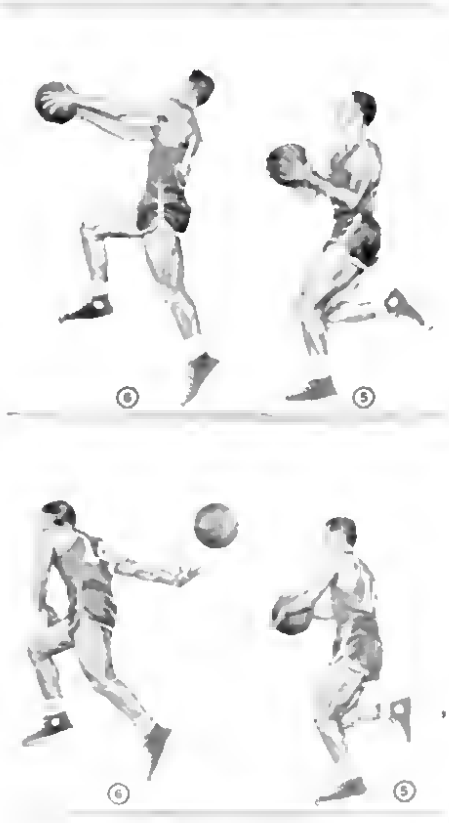
The ideal temperament for a competitive athlete to have inherited from such a set of parents would have been a fusion of his mother's exuberant spirit and his father's rational self-control. Cousy did. During a game he gets so overcome by his desire to win that, beneath his sheath of coolness, he is almost as Gallicly aboil as that other great athlete of French descent, Rocket Richard. The moment a game is over, however, that solid base of placid practicality, present all the time if not conspicuous, takes over in force. It stills his emotion instantly, almost with a thud, and he begins to speak with his customary slowness which is almost a drawl. These days Cousy rarely speaks French, except when he is visiting his parents, but his bilinguality has on occasion proved an oddly serviceable asset. This last summer, for illustration, Cousy and Coaches Red Auerbach and Adolph Rupp of Kentucky were invited by General Garland of SHAPE to conduct a basketball clinic in Landsberg, Germany which was attended by representatives from American military units stationed in Europe and also by delegates from seven basketball-playing European countries. Cousy found that things worked out best for this complex audience when he conducted the lecture portion of his classes in English and the question-and-answer part in both English and French.

It may come as a source of encouragement to aspiring young athletes to learn that Cousy, Beau Baskethall himself, did not make his high school squad during his freshman and sophomore years. Lack of height had nothing to do with it; he stood 5 feet 10 inches as a sophomore, tall enough. It was simply that Lew Grummond, the coach of Andrew Jackson High, had such a wealth of material that many fine prospects like Cousy could hardly expect to win a suit unless they happened to have the exact qualifications Grumniond was looking for. After he was cut his sophomore year, Cousy went back to playing for a team in the local CYO league sponsored by the *Long Island Press*. It was at one of these league games which Grummond attended that Bob first caught the coach's eye. "I didn't know it at the time," Bob was relating not long ago, "but Grummond had a spot open on the team for a left-hander. I'm a natural righty, hut almost aa soon as I started playing hasketball, when I was 12, I started practicing with my left hand too. Anyhow, Grummond thought I was a left-hander when he saw me play. He talked to me after the game and told me he wanted me on the squad, whether I was a natural lefty or not."

Bob played a season of jayvee ball

THAT OLD BACK

Some of Cousy's offensive



MAGIC

variations



BACKHAND PASS is one maneuver Cousy may employ when, leading a 3-on-2 attack, he reaches the foul-line area and finds his route to the basket blocked by a defensive player. As this sequence shows (*from right to left*), he flips the ball in mid-dribble to a trailing teammate cutting behind him, then either cuts for a return pass or simply stops dead to set up a screen for a teammate.



BEHIND-THE-BACK TRANSFER is a Cousy exclusive. When he whips the ball behind his back with his right hand, on some occasions the defensive man, anticipating that Cousy will get off a pass, shifts to cover the whole play. Cousy, as in this sequence, then may complete the behind-the-back transfer from his right hand to his left, and, with the way open, lay up the shot himself.



DOUBLE TRANSFER is employed if the defensive man between Cousy and the basket elects to stay with Cousy and so leaves one of the other Celtics unguarded. On completing his first around-the-back transfer, Cousy brings the ball around a second time with his left hand and passes to the free man. Such moves require discretion; he cannot overdo them or the defense would be prepared.

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT RIGER

for Andrew Jackson, the last half of his sophomore and the first half of his junior years. He was then promoted to the varsity and came on fast enough to be named in his senior year to the All-New York City public high school team. A number of New York colleges were interested in his future plans, but Bob, his mind set on going to a school outside of the city where there was some vestige of college life, turned them all down and decided on Holy Cross, after also mulling over Dartmouth and Boston College. He spent the summer between high school and college working at Tamarack Lodge in the Borsch Belt, waiting on tables and playing for his alpine alma mater in their classic clashes with their ivied rival, the Nevele Country Club. During his vacations from Holy Cross the next three summers, Cousy returned to Tamarack Lodge. "The mountains were crowded with first-class players," he says, "and the competition was a wonderful thing for all of us. That is how I have always learned—observing some player who could do things I couldn't and seeing if I could get up to his level." Cousy's first and enduring idol, by the way, was Dick McGuire, the superb playmaker of the New York Knickerbockers. "Dick's a couple of years older than I am," Cousy said recently, "so I never got to play against him when we were kids although we grew up pretty close to each other. I always admired the way he did things, and I still do. One of the events I look forward to each year now is making the All-East team, particularly because of the chance it gives me to team up with Dick against the West in the All-Star game. Working with Dick you can experiment with moves you wouldn't dare to try during a regular league game. You're so loose they usually work. For me, the finest pleasure in basketball has always come from making some unorthodox pass that results in a basket."

TALENT AND FREEDOM

At Holy Cross, Cousy had his first opportunity to improvise freely. The coach was Doggie Julian, who had been hired to handle foothall and had been handed basketball as an off-season assignment. Doggie had no set ideas on how he wanted his team to play and, in a way, it was fortunate that he didn't. Holy Cross was loaded with talent, perhaps the most competent squad ever assembled at any college in New England—men like Joe

continued on next page

continued from page 31

Mullaney, Bob Curran, George Kaftan, Dermie O'Connell and Ken Haggerty. There were, in fact, 10 men who could play first team. Doggie faced up to his embarrassment of riches by two-platooning his squad and, after that, letting them alone. One five would play the first 10 minutes; the second five (including Cousy, who under the postwar rules was eligible to play for the varsity as a freshman) would come in for the second quarter. The first five would return for the third quarter and then the second five would finish up the game. Occasionally, but not often, Julian broke up his alignment, but there was little provocation for big measures since the team was far and away the class in its section. As such, it received an invitation to the NCAA tourney, and won it by defeating Navy, CCNY and Oklahoma. The next season, 1947–48, the team won 26 and lost 4, was again invited to the NCAA, but this time, after beating Michigan, lost to that celebrated Kentucky outfit by eight points.

A UNANIMOUS ALL-AMERICA

During Cousy's last two seasons at the Cross, topnotch players like Bob McMullan, Frank Oftring and Andy Laska came along to replace the stars who had graduated. Buster Sheary, who had succeeded Julian as coach—Doggie had gone into the pro ranks to coach the Celtics—dispensed with the two-platoon business, but for the most part went happily along with the fluid style of offense, featuring the swift and tricky ball handling for which the Holy Cross teams had become known. Sheary's first club failed to make the NCAA when they were beaten by Yale (led by Tony Lavelli, probably the most graceful of all the hook-shot artists and probably also the least skillful basketball player in all other departments of all the scoring specialists who caught the public's fancy). In Cousy's senior year, Holy Cross ripped off 26 straight victories before falling into an unaccountable tailspin and dropping four of its last five, including its two games in the NCAA. Cousy was a unanimous All-America choice that year. "Those things are all a matter of publicity," he once remarked in the hardheaded way he reacts to all hoopla. "Winning those 26 straight put the spotlight on our team, and I benefited from that. I think I may have actually played a shade better my junior year."

During his four collegiate seasons, Cousy compiled a new record point total for a Holy Cross player, 1,775 points in 117 games for an average of 15.1 points a game. He won a lot of games with 11th-hour heroics—for example, he sent one game against Bowling Green (which Holy Cross eventually won) into overtime with a Merriwell heave from 50 feet out which actually entered the basket after the final gun but counted nonetheless since it was in the air when the gun went off. What made him a backyard name throughout New England, though, was his finesse as a floorman. "We never had the big man, so we developed a 101 variations on the give-and-go," Cousy



BORN FOR BASKETBALL: COUSY, AGE ONE

says of the Holy Cross teams he played on. "They claim we sold basketball to New England, but we may have also retarded it. We possibly oriented the people in the wrong direction by emphasizing the spectacular. Nowadays if a Worcester crowd sees a legitimate offense based on a tall man in the pivot, they think it's dull stuff, kid stuff. They want that old behind-the-back passing, that old open bucket."

College was all Cousy hoped it would be, and then some. He made close friends and they, as much as his aversion to the impersonality of a big city like New York, were responsible for his later decision to make his home in Worcester. He got over the shyness he had in meeting people and became much more at home when called on for a few words at banquets. (He has a slight speech defect that turns his *r*'s into *l*'s.) A conscientious student, he was regularly on the dean's list, majoring in business administration but taking more and more courses in sociology. He wrote his senior thesis on "The Persecution of Minority Groups."

At the time of his graduation from college, Cousy had devised just about all of the ball handling abracadabra that is now synonomous with "The Cooz," though, to he sure, he has refined and polished his moves as a pro, trebled his variations on them, and learned how to integrate them far better into his own play and the play of his teammates. As he looks back today, Cousy has some very lucid ideas on what he happened to do right at an early age in hitting on a fundamental concept of basketball that enabled him to develop a greater diversity of maneuver than any player before him. Briefly, these are his thoughts on the essentials of good basketball:

The primary skill a young player must try to acquire is to master his weak hand, his left hand if he is a righty. Learning to shoot with it amounts to only a small advance. To be a true threat, a man must be able to move equally well both to his left and right, and this includes being able to dribble, pass and shoot while going in both directions. The whole art of dribbling, for instance, depends on keeping your body between the ball and the man guarding you. Against a capable opponent, you cannot drive forward from right to left, say, unless you can dribble with your left hand. Otherwise the ball is unprotected.

Unless he also possesses an accurate shot, an agile dribbler can operate only at 50% of his effectiveness. If he is no threat shooting from the outside, his man can afford to give him room and let him shoot, gambling that he will make a poor percentage of his shots. By giving him this room, the defensive man acquires a margin for error which allows him to stay between his man and the basket even if he has been slightly faked or anticipated a more incorrectly.

The key to offensive play for a maturing player is enlarging his number of moves, his variety of shots. Just as a good pitcher in baseball throws every pitch with the same motion, a good basketball player begins all of his moves from the same position, the better to confuse the defense.

While there are certainly situations in which personal virtuosity gets him some place, in the final analysis a player is about as good as his teammates. If your passes increase their effectiveness, that effectiveness in return increases yours. (Cousy works especially well with Bill Sharman, a solid all-round player and as fine a

continued on page 56

TEN WEEKS OF SPLINTERS



CLOUD OF SMOKE drifts above gun of veteran New York Starter Jack Lavelle, who glowers at runners, ready to recall them instantly in the event of a false start.

Indoor track explodes into action this week when the year's first big meet hits the boards in Boston. Here's a preview of the season and its stars

by ROBERT CREAMER

ON SATURDAY NIGHT in Boston a fusillade of pistol shots will signal the beginning of the indoor track and field season. There has been a smattering of small indoor meets already this winter in this place or that, but now, in the Massachusetts Knights of Columbus meet on the 160-yard board track of Boston Garden, the big men come together for tbe first time tbis year, the crowd draws its breath, the starter fires his gun, and indoor track is off and running in a helter-skelter swirl of colliding bodies, sharp elbows, spills on the turns and all the splinters anybody could ask for. It will continue its mad, if fascinating, pace each weekend from this one until that of March 24, in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Chicago and various way stations like East Lansing, Michigan, and Hamilton, Ontario. At its conclusion the keen observer will be able to say with reasonable assurance just which competitors were outstanding in which events, but anyone who thinks he will be able to go further and point out that this man or that is a sure bet for the U.S. Olympic team next November will be dead wrong. For the Olympics are run outdoors and the relation between indoor and outdoor running often is nebulous.

Right now, then, might be as good a time as any to recall with reasonable accuracy a remark made by an ardent devotee of *indoor* track and field a few years ago to an ardent devotee of *outdoor* track and field who had been deriding tbe indoor aport as a carnival.

"What you have to remember," the indoor man said in rebuttal, "is that they're two entirely different sports, even though the same people compete

continued on next page

THE MEN TO WATCH



ARNOLD SOWELL runs "so soft," but is pick in star-packed middle distances.



RON DELANY has face of Irish poet, runs with raw power, is threat to Sowell.



BOB RICHARDS has dominated pole vault for almost decade, is crowd-pleaser.



HARRISON DILLARD, a marvel of consistency, is best indoor hurdler ever.



BRIAN HEWSON, England's 3:59.8 miler, will run in NYAC and AAU meets.



WES SANTEE, storm center of American track, could be man to beat Hewson.

INDOOR TRACK

continued from page 33

in both. The main difference between them is this: outdoors the fastest runner wins, indoors the best athlete wins."

This was, of course, a didactic, dogmatic remark and completely unacceptable to the outdoor man, who repeated that indoor meets were nothing more than garish and fraudulent imitations of true (meaning outdoor) track and field competition.

Maybe so. But there is a germ of truth in the indoor man's definition. Outdoors on a broad cinder track where 12 men can line up abreast, and where a half-mile race may turn only three curves, the winner of any race almost inevitably will be the fastest runner in that race on that day. Indoors the fastest runner should win, but it is in no wise inevitable. Consider. On a standard banked board track (which measures 11 laps to the mile and 160 yards to the lap) it is not possible to line up more than five or six men abreast at the start. And in a fast start if more than two of these are still abreast at the first turn there is trouble, with runners who ordinarily would be concentrating on racing full speed ahead trying instead to keep from hurtling off the boards. Add the fact that even a half-mile race indoors has 11 such trouble-making turns and one can begin to appreciate that radical delineation of the difference between the two forms of track. The athlete with the greater sense of anticipation, the greater awareness of the relative positions of himself and his opponents to one another and to the beginning or end of a straightaway or a curve, the greater presence of mind in a moment of great physical stress, the greater fire and feel for direct competition, stands a much better chance of surviving the fury of indoor running than the man who lacks these qualities, no matter how fast the latter can run.

HERE COMES HEWSON

That is the big reason, of course, why the forthcoming visit of England's Brian Hewson is anticipated with such relish by track and field buffs.

Hewson is the good-looking young Englishman pictured on this page who last May accomplished a rather remarkable feat. He ran a one-mile race in less than four minutes (3:59.8 to be exact) and yet finished third, which was certainly not so serious nor sad a thing as the disappointment Robert Scott experienced when he reached

the South Pole only to find that Amundsen had gotten there a month earlier, but which in a way was probably as frustrating.

That was the memorable race in which the Hungarian Laszlo Tabori won in 3:59, with Chris Chataway second, inches ahead of Hewson. Frustrating or not, it clearly demonstrated that Hewson was one of the fastest milers in the world, faster even than our own David Wesley Santee (who has a 4:00.5 to his credit, but whose difficulties with the Amateur Athletic Union over his expense money may yet keep these two superb runners from meeting). But how *well* he will run indoors against such as Santee is the question that entrances the indoor track bug.

Last year Gunnar Nielsen of Denmark learned the nuances of board running so well that he went home with a new world record for the indoor mile. This, a 4:03.6 performance in the Wanamaker Mile, was the result of a combining of a perfect tactical race and a lightning-like finishing sprint. In other words, the fastest runner also knew *how* to run. But Nielsen had had four indoor mile races before that one. Hewson has to do what he can do in two: either the Baxter Mile in the New York Athletic Club games on February 11 or the national championship mile in the AAU meet on February 18. Santee (if he runs) will try to regain the prestige he lost against Nielsen last year. Little Fred Dwyer, who scored a smashing tactical triumph over both Santee and Nielsen in the Baxter Mile last year, is nursing a bad leg, but he may fulfill his own promises to himself. He did 4:01.8 last June. Ronald Delany, the Villanova sophomore from Ireland whose finest performances up to now have been at the half-mile and 1,000 yards, may enter the mile lists this year, and if Hewson misfires and Santee doesn't run and Dwyer stays hurt, Ronald, who has run a 4:05.8 mile outdoors, may be the hero of the year. If Bobby Seaman (4:01.4 last June) or Bill Dellinger or Billy Tidwell go east, the mile may have its greatest indoor year ever.

But if there is an "if" in the mile picture, there is none in the indoor middle distances: those races at 500, 600, 880 and 1,000 yards. Two superb young Pennsylvania collegians are the favorites here: Arnie Sowell of Pittsburgh at 880 and 1,000, and Charley Jenkins of Villanova at the 600- and 500-yard distances.

The fact that these two have quite casually been cast as the men to beat is an impressive compliment, because the competition they have to face is probably the strongest in the history of indoor track. Jenkins, for instance, will have to face Lou Jones, who set a world record in the 400-meter run at the Pan-American Games last March, and who is working his way back into top form. Jim Lea, the casual Californian who fought Jones to the tape in that race, may turn up at the eastern meets, and so might J. W. Mashburn, the powerful quarter-miler from Oklahoma A&M. Dick Maiocco, Joe Gaffney and Reggie Pearman, all shrewd and knowing board-track competitors are also in the running for invitations to the big races. It should be noted that such invitations are hard to come by, since meet promoters hate to start more than four men on the narrow indoor tracks in the lightning-fast 500- and 600-yard races.

Sowell's competition in the slightly longer races is equally impressive. It includes powerful Tom Courtney, whose 1:46.8 for 800 meters in Europe last summer was the fastest 800-meters run in 16 years. Ron Delany has beaten both Courtney and Sowell and has proved to be very much at home on the board track. Joe Deady, the stylist who anchored the great Georgetown two-mile relay team back in 1950 and 1951, came out of obscurity last Saturday to set an indoor world record in the three-quarter mile run and serve notice that he, too, would have a good deal to say about the indoor season. Lon Spurrier, the world half-mile record holder, may be able to make the eastern meets and so may Lang Stanley, who came within an ace of beating Mal Whitfield in the Compton Invitational half-mile last spring.

WHEN TO ACCELERATE

And, of course, in all the middle distances there is Whitfield, two-time Olympic 800-meter champion, who three years ago finally solved the puzzle of running indoors ("You should *accelerate* going into the turns instead of decelerating," he claimed) and with his silky-smooth stride operating perfectly won 13 straight races, among

continued on next page

THE MEETS TO SEE

Jan. 14, Massachusetts K of C, Boston. First big meet of season. Run since 1946, except war years. New faces pop up yearly in Prout 600, Cheverus 1,000.

Jan. 20, Inquirer Games, Philadelphia. First held in 1945. Run in Convention Hall on sharp-turned 12-lap track. Inquirer Mile is featured event.

Jan. 21, Evening Star Meet, Wash. First held in 1947. Run in huge armory on big (220-yard) casein-coated flat track. Includes women's AAU nationals.

Jan. 28, Boston AA Games, Boston. Sixty-seventh renewal of one of oldest, most respected indoor meets. Famed Hunter Mile, in which Santee set short-lived world record last year, is feature.

Feb. 4, Millrose Games, N.Y. The most famous of all indoor track meets. Run annually since 1908. Wanamaker Mile is single most important race run indoors. Superb relay races.

Feb. 11, NYAC Games, N.Y. The pioneer indoor meet, first held in 1868. Baxter Mile (1910) is oldest of all "cup" miles. Prize entry this year is Four-minute-miler Brian Hewson.

Feb. 18, AAU Championships, N.Y. The national indoor championships and thus a key meet. Also a jumbled one because of huge entry list. Sowell tied world record in AAU 1,000 last year.

Feb. 25, IC4A Championships, N.Y. Eastern intercollegiate championship meet. Over 60 colleges. Villanova (Delany, Jenkins, Bragg) good bet to beat out Manhattan. Sowell will run.

Mar. 3, K of C Meet, N.Y. Last big meet of season in New York and often the best, competitively. Top performers of year are invited. Casey 600 and Brennan Mile are prime events.

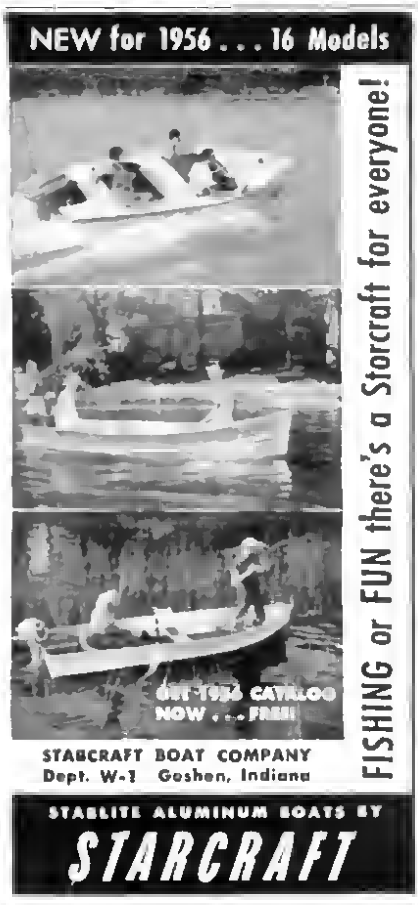
Mar. 3, Big Ten Meet, East Lansing. Big Ten indoor championships, on 220-yard clay track in Michigan State field house. Events include 300, 440, 600, 880 and 1,000. State (Ed Brabham, Henry Kennedy) may unseat Michigan U.

Mar. 10, Journal Games, Milwaukee. The newest (1951) and by far the best run of all the major meets. The Journal Mile almost always won in crack time.

Mar. 16, Cleveland K of C, Cleveland. Begun in 1941. Greg Rice set world 2-mile record in 1943. In 1945 Sweden's Gunder Hägg won the mile event.

Mar. 24, Daily News Games, Chicago. Started in 1937. Last big meet of season, has largest crowds (16,000–17,000). Santee won '55 Bankers Mile in 4:04.2.







continued from page 45

them three in indoor world-record time. He has his eye on an unprecedented third straight Olympic title and has no intention of letting Sowell, Jenkins or anyone else keep him from his goal.

For the rest, look as always to Horace Ashenfelter in the distance races and to Bob Richards in the pole vault, though brawny young Don Bragg, who has cleared 15 feet, is a threat to break all vaulting records if he can ever bring his enormous strength under the control of an efficient style.

Look to the nonpareil Harrison Dillard in the hurdles, despite challenges from such as big Jack Davis, who seems hampered by the short distances (45 to 70 yards) indoors. Dillard will be seeking his ninth indoor AAU title in 10 years, his 10th straight Millrose win and his 11th straight Cleveland K of C victory, a record of consistency without parallel in the precarious field of hurdling, where almost anything can happen to cause defeat: a bad start, a hump from another runner, a false step or one knocked-over hurdle.

THE LITTLE SPRINTS

The indoor dashes are, for the most part, strange, abbreviated things of 45, 50 or 60 yards that seem to end almost as soon as they begin, but the sprinters who enter them are the best in the world. This year's exceptional field includes Olympic Champions Andy Stanfield and Lindy Remigino, Pan-American Champion Rod Richard, AAU Champion John Haines and Olympian Jim Gathers.

High jumping, conversely, does not appear to have any particularly outstanding competitors, unless Ernie Shelton decides to leave California for a tour of the indoor circuit. Shotputter Parry O'Brien will put in an appearance in a few of the meets.

Finally, there are the relays, where Villanova, anchored by Jenkins, should be outstanding in the mile. Syracuse and New York University seem best in the two-mile. It doesn't really matter, though. To the dedicated indoor fan the relays are always exciting, for here is furious, high-speed, man-to-man competition sustained over one or two miles around turn after turn, down straightaway after straightaway. Here is the epitome of indoor running. When the last wild relay is done and the indoor man walks out into the night he glows with pleasure and anticipation of the next meet, and the next meet, and the meet after that. END

COLUMN OF THE WEEK

by DAN PARKER

Daily Mirror

WHEN JIM NORRIS TURNED AGAINST THE GUILD IT WAS TO SAVE HIMSELF — NOT BOXING

THE GUILT is kilt. Jim Norris' announcement that he intends to continue promoting his Friday night television shows at Madison Square Garden came as a crushing blow to the International Boxing Guild, which had been encouraged by him to believe he would back it in its all-out fight with Julius Helfand, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission. The second half of the one-two knockout combination came when the Maryland State Athletic Commission withdrew its sanction for the Guild to transfer its Monday night TV boxing show from New York to Baltimore.

By this rapid change of fortune the small group of monopolists are left on the furthermost end of a limb that broke under the double blow.

With Norris on the spot with Helfand and faced with the threat of a heavyweight championship bout in New York next summer between Marciano and Floyd Patterson, promoted by Al Weill, the head of the IBC quickly recognized the side on which his manna was nectared and decided to change his party line. In this move he probably had the approval of his chief strategist, a scheming gentleman whose plans are always flexible.

Norris had experience in coping with boxing managers' guilds before. In 1950 he broke a strike with the aid of his master strategist.

At that time the Guild was a representative body, not a monopolist group allied with the IBC and powerful boxing racketeers. The Guild had a war chest of $44,000 and a thriving membership which represented every class of manager. Television was just starting to make inroads on the box office of fight clubs, and the managers, alert to the danger, voted to demand a 50-50 split of the TV revenue to compensate them for shrinking gate receipts.

When Norris and his undercover advisers were confronted with the Guild's ultimatum, they came up with the answer so quickly that the guildsmen, taken by surprise, were routed. The IBC announced that to break the strike it would put on a middleweight championship fight between Jake LaMotta and Rocky Graziano. After this subterfuge had served its purpose, the IBC staged a middleweight championship match between Jake and Tiberio Mitri. How was Mr. Norris able to beat the strike? Through the assistance of Frank Carbo, who controlled LaMotta, and Eddie Coco, manager of Graziano and Mitri.

Having thus broken the Guild, the IBC and its saboteurs boring from within helped to hasten its demise by creating an overwhelming sentiment among the small-fry managers to vote for the distribution of the "war chest." Once this was carried out, the rest was easy. A small group of managers, some of them front men for Carbo, Coco and other hoodlums, operating behind the scenes, met at the home of Hymie Wallman, where, according to Hymie's own admission, Carbo had been a guest, and organized an ultra-exclusive body called the Board of Trade.

When the props had been knocked from under the old Guild, Charley Johnston, president of that body, was summoned by a phone call one night from a meeting of the old group which he was conducting (*i.e.*, to the cemetery)—and never came back. A few days later it was announced that he had been named president of the newly organized International Boxing Guild. There hasn't been an election yet. Honest William Daly, another of the primordial papas, wound up as secretary-treasurer, with Jack Kearns, another founding father, named as the veep.

The new Guild was just what was prescribed by the IBC doctors. It was compact, it was made up exclusively of managers who had agreed to "play ball" and it was pledged not to cause any TV contract trouble for the IBC. In exchange for this, the small group was to be protected from "unfair competition" from those outside the group by getting all the TV assignments. Promising boxers on the way up were steered to the right stables by mobsters who in most cases had gained control of them. This arrangement has made the small group that really constitutes the International Guild rich while pauperizing those outside the pale.

Drunk with power, the Guild brazenly defied Helfand when he started looking into its peculiar ways of doing business. The Guild's decision to move the Monday night television show from its privately operated St. Nicholas Arena to Baltimore after Frankie Carbo had made the arrangements through his friend, Benny Trotta, the Baltimore promoter, was the last straw for Helfand. After telling Norris the facts of life he gave chapter and verse on the deal, which caused Gov. T. R. McKeldin to intervene and the Maryland commission to withdraw the sanction it had given the Guild. And the Guild's limb came crashing down! END



"No, we don't carry any equipment for jousting."

THE TREND IN BOATS IS TO



Thirty-foot Atlantic Sloop by Cape Cod Shipbuilding Co., Wareham, Mass. Photo courtesy American Cyanamid Co.

FIBERGLAS*-reinforced PLASTIC



Runabout by Bellingham Ship Yards, Bellingham, Wash.

. . . in new boats

To own a boat that will never leak . . . that never needs scraping, sanding or caulking . . . buy one that's molded of Fiberglas*-reinforced plastic. There are many sizes and types on the market today . . . big and little boats . . . sail boats and motor boats. They're all seamless, light in weight, strong and rigid, and highly resistant to damage.

No hull of wood or metal can match the stamina of this modern material . . . or give you more carefree pleasure through the years.

. . . and at fitting-out time

You can get many of the advantages of a molded hull simply by covering your present boat with Fiberglas fabric and plastic! It's easy to do . . . takes only about a day for the average small boat. Everything you need—resin, activator, color and Fiberglas fabric—comes in a kit. If your boat is sound, or can be made sound, why not end all your fitting-out worries the Fiberglas way?



AT THE NEW YORK AND CHICAGO BOAT SHOWS, VISIT THE OWENS-CORNING FIBERGLAS BOOTH AND ASK ABOUT FIBERGLAS MOLDED BOATS AND BOAT COVERING



Charlie M says:—Write me for a list of manufacturers of Fiberglas-reinforced boats . . . or for my free book, "How to Cover Your Boat with Fiberglas," including list of kit suppliers. Charlie M, Essex, Conn.

OWENS-CORNING
FIBERGLAS

*T. M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



take time out for living—buy a

Buccaneer

There's outboarding water near *you!* Head out where *fun* begins—with a new GALE BUCCANEER.

Eight brilliant new Buccaneers, from three to twenty-five horsepower, give you outboarding luxury and convenience at a low price—super-quiet motor, gear shift, remote controls, electric starting, years-ahead styling.

Ask your hardware or sporting-goods dealer about the Buccaneers, or drop us a line.

GALE PRODUCTS

Galesburg 2, Illinois
Division of Outboard, Marine & Mfg. Co.
Makers of LAWN-BOY Power Lawn Mowers

Sports Illustrated
Enjoy more sports!
Sports Illustrated
Enjoy sports more!
Sports Illustrated

TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES
call for
STRONGER Yet SAFER
ANACIN

Won't Upset The Stomach

Anacin® not only gives *stronger, faster* relief from pain of headache, but is also *safer.* Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved *no single drug* can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. *Buy Anacin Tablets today!*



INGROWN NAIL
Hurting You?
Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO® bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toughens the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail to be cut and thus prevents further pain and discomfort. OUTORO is available at all drug counters.

TIP FROM THE TOP



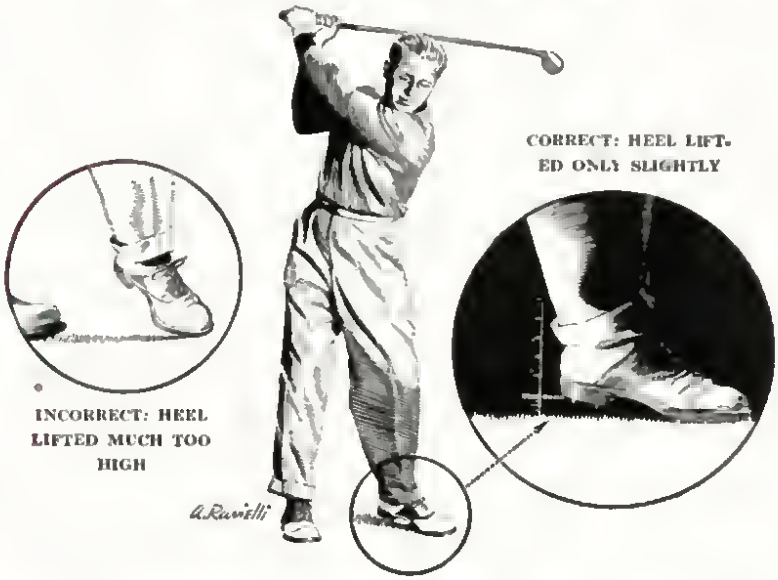
For all golfers, high-handicap players in particular

from **SHELLEY MAYFIELD,** *Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, N.Y.*

Among our fine professionals, it has become standard practice—as uniform as the grip—to raise the left heel only a shade on the backswing. When they are playing the six-iron through the wedge, the left heel never leaves the ground. On a full shot with a driver, calling for the fullest pivot and the greatest exchange of weight and the longest arc, the left heel is never lifted more than an inch and a half off the ground. There are, in fact, a few players, myself among them, who prefer to play all their shots without ever raising the left heel off the ground.

My reason for calling this to your attention is that most average golfers have the habit of lifting the left heel far too much on the backswing, sometimes as high as five inches. This tends to pull the golfer's head "off the ball" as he nears the top of the backswing. Furthermore, when you lift the left heel too high, nine out of 10 times it will be replaced on the downswing to the right or left of the position it occupied when you started your swing. Replacing your heel an inch to the right or left can change your line of flight as much as 20 yards. On the other hand, raising the left heel the bare minimum is a major step towards achieving consistency and greater firmness at impact.

Shelley Mayfield demonstrates the correct position of the left foot at the top of backswing on a full shot



NEXT WEEK: HAROLD SARGENT ON THE STRAIGHT LEFT ARM

GOLF

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

A REJUVENATED LLOYD MANGRUM BREEZED THROUGH LOS ANGELES TO CONFOUND ALL THE EXPERTS AND SURPRISE HIS OLD FRIENDS

For a report on the Los Angeles Open, which this week inaugurated the 1956 winter circuit, I am happy to turn over this column to SI*'s correspondent* JAMES MURRAY.

IN THE second round of the Los Angeles Open, Tommy Bolt fired a searing 63, and when it was posted, Lloyd Mangrum was the one who whistled the loudest. "You know, I don't think Tommy Bolt himself realizes just how well he does play this game," he drawled. But the central fact of last week's play at the Rancho municipal golf course was that Lloyd Mangrum himself didn't realize just how well Lloyd Mangrum plays the game.

When the first tee shots had whistled down the fairway signaling the start of the 1956 golf trek which has an eye-popping $995,000 total pot for the year at stake, Lloyd Mangrum was almost as lightly regarded as any first-starting home-town youngster who teed up in the early morning fog with a looping backswing and shaky knees.

To be sure, Mangrum had been for years by common consent one of America's top five players. But he was a creaky 41 years old now and barely recovered from an attack of hepatitis and a mishap which saw three ribs pulled loose from the sternum. He had not played a round of competitive golf since last April, and the consensus had him consigned to the golfing boneyard, a sentimental entry, nothing more.

But the competing pros were quick to dry their eyes when Lloyd, swinging carefully to protect his newly mucilaged rib cage, opened with a scalding 66. When he matched that with another 66, their eyes hardened. And when he added a third-round 68, teeth were set on edge from one end of the locker room to the other, and the casual observer would have bet from the grumbling that Ben Hogan was abroad on the trail again.

What completely confounded the experts, besides Mangrum's stamina, was the fact that the old Mangrum, always considered a place hitter as golf swingers go, had suddenly become a slugger. Never too long or straight with a wood (he only carries two woods, a driver and spoon, in his bag), Mangrum all of a sudden was outdriving Cary Middlecoff and the other home-run hitters of golf. His short game, as usual, was surgically deft and his putting was scalpel-sharp. "Ball just seems to run for the hole like a rat, don't it?" he would ask affably as he stooped repeatedly to retrieve his one-putts.

Mangrum toured the course with the nonchalance of a Perry Como at rehearsal, whistling, humming, scratching his ear, chatting with onlookers. He even went so far as to leave his cigaret and holder in his mouth as he lined up crucial putts. A man who has won three Los Angeles Opens, he acted as though he couldn't be expected to get excited over a fourth. "That's what having half a million dollars does for your nerves," commented an opponent enviously as he eyed Mangrum's mink wood covers.

A MAN OPENING AN ACORN

All of the major pros were on hand for the kickoff tourney save Hogan (who played in the pretourney pro-am) and Sam Snead. Some 25,000 fans were there over the four days to greet them. The course was not difficult. Only six years old, it offered saplings instead of trees and was woefully undertrapped. But it was long—over 7,000 yards—and its weaknesses did not prevent big Mike Souchak, still looking like a man trying to open an acorn as he hunched over the little ball on the putting green, from toppling with an 81 on the third round. National Open Champion Jack Fleck lasted only to the first out, was in such a savage humor that he curtly ignored the press and bawled impatiently for the locker boy when he was bothered with questions. Tommy Bolt, a man who was described in the course of the play by the *Los Angeles Time's* Braven Dyer as "every other inch a gentleman," as usual had a bigger fight with himself than he did with the course. It was still clear that the sweet-swinging Bolt will have to button down his high choler before he can hope to realize his high potential.

By the last round, Mangrum had opened up such a lengthy lead—five strokes—that the betting was that he would win eased up. And, in fact, he did. When play was over and Mangrum had his fourth L.A. Open under his belt, the other pros sadly packed their tailored worsteds and rainbow alpacas for the trek north to the Crosby Open. They greeted the news that Mangrum would play the entire winter circuit with the sour looks normally reserved for a double bogey. With Hogan and Snead sitting out this year's tour and the other vintage swingers showing signs of golf decay, the hungrier pros had hoped to get a clear shot at the nearly $1 million in prize money left. "I hear Mangrum has a beautiful home in Apple Valley," said one of them sadly. "I wish he'd go live in it!" END



"It seems to me with the dues we pay, they could keep all the grass cut."

FOOTBALL

by HERMAN HICKMAN

AFTER WATCHING THE GAME AND ANALYZING THE FILMS, SI'S EXPERT EXPLAINS WHY OKLAHOMA IS INDEED NATION'S TOP TEAM

THE far-flung spectacle of the bowl games over the New Year weekend, with their drama, triumph and tragedy, tempts me to review them from the vantage point of a theater critic on opening night. In this mood, it might be said that *Spartacus to the Uplans*, though acclaimed by coast critics as a great dramatic success, must be considered as cheap melodramatic theater. The finale was completely implausible —it could never have happened in real life—and the lines were overplayed. Off-stage direction was accompanied by wild gesticulations and the prompter was audible to the audience at various times. Nonetheless, in all fairness and despite the script, the results were electrifying. It must be admitted that Producer H. Duffy Daugherty has a hit on his hands after his first dismal flop a year ago.

By contrast, the revival of *Oklahoma* down in Miami was an artistic and technical triumph. Polished performers were cast perfectly by Producer Charles B. Wilkinson, who now has a near-record string of 30 straight hits. The action was classic and the lines were powerful and well delivered. The original vehicle, written by the veteran Don Faurot, has lost none of its freshness or strength through the years. *Oklahoma* was undoubtedly the best production of this past season. In fact, to revert to the solid ground of football terms once more, I think that, all in all, Oklahoma's playing clearly established its right to be considered the nation's outstanding 11.

When two teams as strong defensively as the Terps and the Sooners meet, there is little chance of spectacular offensive play. Both Jim Tatum and Bud Wilkinson are definitely defense-minded, and this carries over into their theory of offense where, by controlling the ball for a longer period than their opponents, they plan to lessen the number of their opponent's plays from scrimmage.

This certainly is a radical change from the thinking of the three master defensive strategists of another era: Fielding Yost of Michigan, Wallace Wade of Alabama and Duke and Bob Neyland of Tennessee. These three never wanted possession of the ball in their own territory. By using an airtight kicking game in all its phases they managed to keep their opponents floundering deep in "coffin corner," where sooner or later an offensive error would be committed which usually cost them six points.

Then along came the T formation with its flankers and man in motion; the "race horse" game began its era, and "Give us the ball anywhere" was the cry. By 1950 the wide-open game began to wane except in the pro'essional ranks as teams everywhere started adopting the newfangled split-T. Innovator Don Faurot and his two ardent disciples, Wilkinson and Tatum,

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES, 1955

Season's average: .748

Five bowls: .800

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES, 1956

Four bowls: 1.000

toured the hinterlands preaching the doctrine of simplicity—"only four basic plays to each side"—and control football. Their mark is indelible. Even down in the Southwest, the home of the aerial circus, football today is preponderantly a ground game. Because it is, the pass—when used—almost always surprises, and consequently is more dangerous than ever.

All this was evident in the Orange Bowl, particularly in Wilkinson's use of the fast break—a maneuver as conservative and as dynamically precise as close order drill. It was exploited the first time Oklahoma got the ball in the second half, and it completely demoralized the hitherto impregnable Maryland defenses. The Sooners were last out of the huddle, down in position like a flash, and the ball was snapped on a quick count as the Sooner linemen fired out on the still squatting Terp forwards. Each back ran with reckless abandon. And always, when tackled, they had in reserve a second surge which picked up an extra yard or two.

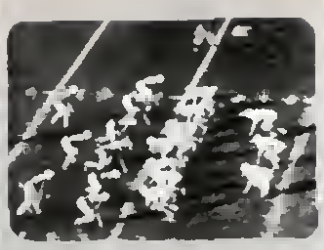
The fast break carried the Sooners through two straight touchdown drives. In neither did they give up the ball, and they disdained the use of the forward pass except on just one occasion. In a critical moment of the first drive, Quarterback Harris pitched out to Left Half McDonald, running to his right, who hit Right Half Burris for a 19-yard gain to the Maryland seven. Two plays later Oklahoma scored.

Bud Wilkinson felt this pass play (*see opposite page*) was the turning point of the game. After these two unstoppable drives and two successful tries for extra points and with the score standing at 14 6 (Maryland had its try for point blocked), the game to all intents and purposes was over. The Sooners later added a gift touchdown on an 82-yard run with an intercepted pass.

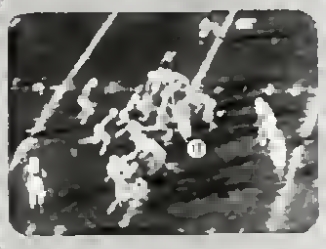
Maryland, too, had its moments and heroes. Ed Vereb, the Terps' left half, was the outstanding player in the game. He made the longest run from scrimmage (66 yards), only to have it dissipated by a teammate's fumble on the five-yard line, and pulled off a 15-yard run for a touchdown as he reversed his field on what looked like a running pass to the right. After studying the game pictures I'm not so sure that it wasn't a planned maneuver. In any case, it was a designed alternate if the pass wasn't open.

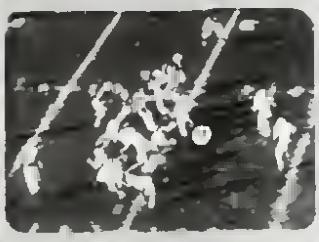
Pellegrini and Davis made the key blocks on this, the prettiest play of the day. Mike Sandusky played an outstanding game at tackle and should be nicknamed Ali Baba, the Thief of Bagdad, because he was trying to steal the ball all day from the Oklahoma backs. Pellegrini, though badly battered, backed up the line with authority and thwarted another Oklahoma touchdown by an interception in the waning moments of the game. In behalf of Tatum, the losing coach, it should be said that he might well have been the winner if he had gone into the second half with a two-touchdown lead. This probably would have happened except for Tamburello's fumble on the five. Oklahoma was beginning to show signs of jitteryness late in the second quarter.

Still, credit where credit is due. Wilkinson must have done a whale of a job during the extended 20-minute half time. The lethargic first-half Sooners were reincarnated when the third quarter started. In the final analysis, speed was the difference both up front and in the backfield. If you think the Sooners were good this past season, just wait until this fall.

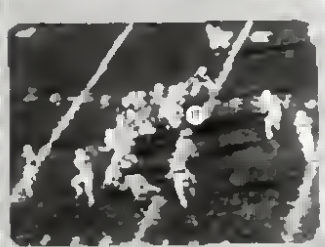


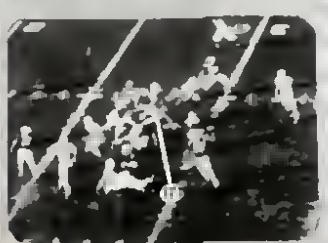








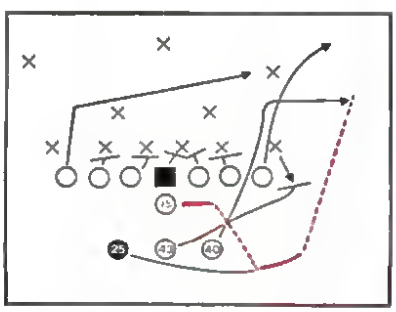




KEYS TO VICTORY AS SEEN ON FILM

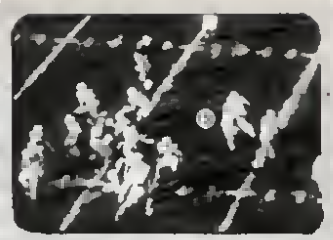
THE FAST BREAK

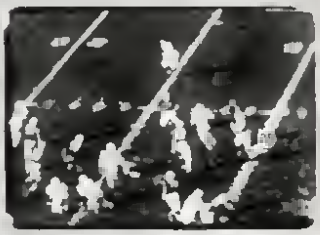
The second half of the game saw the Oklahoma line unleash its full power and speed. As these clips from the official Maryland movie show, the Sooners' fast break from the huddle, their quick snap of the ball and lightning-like charge repeatedly caught Maryland's forwards off-balance and thrust the whole line back four to five yards. Here the second team goes into action in the third period, after the Sooners' first touchdown. Quarterback Jay O'Neal (17) takes the ball (*top*), with the team in split-T formation. He takes a few steps to his right as the Sooners' line and backfield charge, then dives between right guard and tackle as hole opens well beyond line of scrimmage.

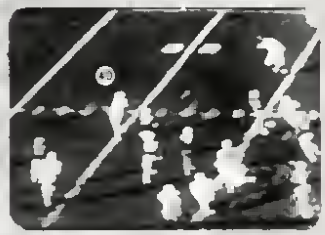


THE CRITICAL PASS

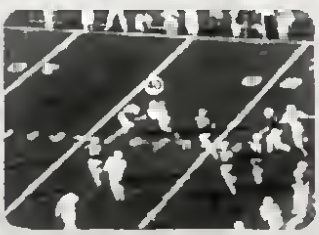
It was the play diagramed in SI's bowl games preview (*above*), which, in the words of Bud Wilkinson, was the turning point of the game. In the third quarter, Quarterback Jim Harris (15) faked (*top*) to Fullback Billy Pricer, then pitched back to Left Half Tommy McDonald (25). McDonald (*second picture*) passed to Right Half Bob Burris (40), who had gone through the line and cut to his right. The third picture shows the ball in midair; the fourth at the instant when Burris caught it. In the fifth, Burris is seen thwarting a tackle with a hard shoulder block. Terp Center Bob Pellegrini (50) is close behind (*sixth picture*) and makes the tackle at Maryland's seven (*seventh picture*). From here the Sooners went on to their first touchdown.

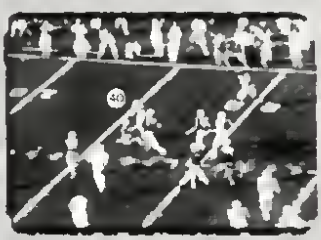


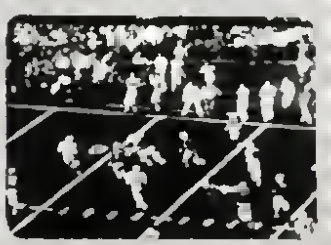












CHESS

by ROBERT CANTWELL

THE GATES WERE LOCKED AND THE SETTING WAS SOMBER BUT EXCITEMENT RAN NIGH AT THE COLLEGIANS' BIENNIAL TOURNEY

THE iron gates of the campus of Columbia University (gift of the Class of 1929) were locked during the recent vacation period, an inconvenience causing considerable consternation to 26 high-strung chess players meeting in the biennial intercollegiate championship chess tournament. A printed sign at the outside entrance of John Jay Hall, where the tournament was held, read USE 116TH STREET ENTRANCE, and after walking two blocks to get inside the college grounds and crossing the snowy campus, passing an occasional lonely student, the chess players found, on the inside entrance of John Jay Hall itself, a handwritten note, USE EAST DOOR, and affixed to the east door with Scotch tape, another handwritten message: CHAMPIONSHIP CHESS TOURNAMENT IN DINING HALL.

Most of the cavernous expanse of the dining hall was shadowed, but one corner was brightly lit, and there, while the winter winds howled outside, the 26 contenders for the American college championship sat with bowed heads over the boards while the chess clocks ticked and the referee said "Shush" if the two or three spectators whispered loudly. Sometimes a student who had remained in his quarters during the vacation came in late, gave a startled look at the chess players, and walked away down the echoing corridors. The players themselves frequently left their games to see how their rivals were doing. A few of the entries, like Edmar Mednis of New York University, or Anthony Saidy of Fordham, or Timothy Anderson of Ohio State, were seasoned players; they sat calmly in their chairs for the most part, seemed relaxed and showed no emotion whether they were winning or losing. Mednis was the winner of the New York State championship at 16 and last summer finished second at the world junior championship tournament in Antwerp, barely beaten by the 21-year-old Russian master, Boris Spassky.

But among most of the others, agitation at unexpected moves was evident. Many were playing in their first big tournament and were obviously taken aback by the sudden appearance of two rooks on an open file, plainly dismayed by a passed pawn and thunderstruck when they were checkmated. On the other hand, their satisfaction when they got an opponent in a difficult spot was even more apparent.

Ranging from 17 to 26, these young players were almost all science majors —six engineers, three physicists, three chemistry majors and three mathematicians, compared with two English majors, one prelaw student and one future teacher. But, except for Mednis, they were alike in their wild and plunging games, whose recklessness alone would make chess masters uneasy.



GEORGE BUTLER OF IONA CONTEMPLATES A SURPRISE MOVE BY BUFFALO'S FRANK FINK

OLD-FASHIONED AND CAUTIOUS

Before the tournament started, there was every expectation that Mednis would be the next American college champion. A freshman and an engineering major, Mednis is tall and light-haired, looks considerably older than his 18 years, speaks with a slight trace of an accent and carries himself with the self-conscious dignity that characterizes youthful chess prodigies. Mednis' game is old-fashioned and cautious, differing from much modern chess in the same way that classical music differs from modern atonal masterpieces. He is generally considered one of the two strongest American candidates in the younger generation, with a real chance of becoming a world chess master. (The other, William Lombardy, is still in high school.) In the first round Mednis had no trouble defeating Hal Wallach of Bridgeport University, a phlegmatic, long-featured, 20-year-old mathematician, and in the second round he disposed of Timothy Anderson of Ohio State.

But in the third round Mednis ran up against Selby Lyman of Harvard. Lyman is a brilliant but uneven player who has a disconcerting habit of jumping up after he has made a move, as though he suddenly remembered that he had to catch a train. He comes from a family of New England chess players that is famed for beating world masters. When visiting masters give simultaneous exhibitions, playing the local amateurs, the Lymans enter and win. On the night of the third round, with many of the other 24 players constituting the gallery and the atmosphere in the dining room of John Jay Hall particularly gloomy and sepulchral, Lyman beat Mednis decisively. "I underestimated the attack," Mednis said, suddenly seeming to be at most 15 years old; "I completely underestimated the attack."

Mednis' unexpected defeat gave six players a real chance for the national

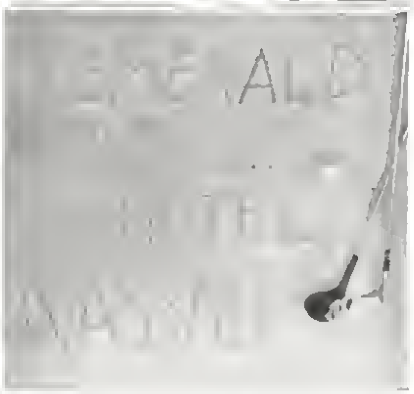
title. He was still in the running, of course, but the contest was now wide open. Lyman, however, knocked himself out of the championship when he lost to Arthur Freeman, a 17-year-old Harvard freshman who has only recently taken up chess. He had Freeman beaten, but dawdled away his time looking over the other boards.

The five remaining contenders, now in a dead heat, settled down to serious, deliberate chess. Charles Witte, a Columbia premedical student, played Mednis to a draw. Then in the sixth round, Anthony Saidy, playing against Mednis, left the table and studied the scoreboard for a long time to see how the other games had come out. He had a simple calculation to make. The other contenders had drawn. If Saidy drew his game with Mednis the tie would continue. If he won his game with Mednis he was almost certain to win the championship. If he exhausted himself in his game with Mednis and played to a draw anyway, he might be that much weaker for the final round the next day. Mednis' style of play decided him.

Mednis' typical games are almost transparently clear. He does not wear his opponents down, but lets them exhaust themselves. His ability is curiously negative—he wins not because of what he does, but because of what he refrains from doing. His only expression during a match is an occasional all-but-imperceptible look of disdain when his opponent sets up what he considers to be an ingenious trap, or when a delicate situation is broken by a ruthless trading of pieces. This austere expression of displeasure appeared momentarily when Saidy traded queens and the game went doggedly on. After two hours of play, Saidy looked up, exhausted, and asked, "Draw?" Mednis nodded. Saidy was safe for the final round.

In the last round, Mednis was paired against Freeman and won easily. Saidy played Anderson and won a hard game. So they were still tied. Witte, the only man left who had a chance of winning, played the unpredictable Lyman. A subdued and chastened player, Lyman held Witte to a draw. Since Mednis had defeated opponents in the tournament whose score was higher than the score of those Saidy had beaten, Mednis was awarded the title on the tie-breaking system employed. The 91 games that preceded the decision were characterized by an intensity and excitement which, if found in all chess tournaments, might conceivably make chess a popular American sport. END





Call your Travel Agent, or Circle 7-7946 in New York; WHitehall 4-7077 in Chicago, SUperior 1-0420 in Cleveland; MEtropolitan 8-3492 in Washington DC, 9 0103 in Miami.

Your "man's world" is a many splendored thing at . . .

Boca Raton

HOTEL AND CLUB
BOCA RATON, FLORIDA

REGINALD G. NEFZGER, Managing Director

What is your pleasure this day, sir visitor? A spot of golf on our 18-hole championship course? Tennis? A dip into one of two Olympic pools? Fishing? 1001 nights of dancing and entertainment *every* night . . . plus the fabulous music of Freddy Martin's orchestra? It is yours to command.

Imagination and artistry have created a breathtaking new world while retaining the majestic charm of this beautiful 3500-acre resort.

See your Travel Agent or call Schine Hotel offices in—New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Miami Chicago, Los Angeles.





Pass along to a friend your enthusiasm for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, America's fastest-growing new magazine that's fun for the whole family to read. Use the coupon below to order 52 wonderful weeks of SI, as a gift for birthdays, week-end gift to your sports-loving host and hostess, other special occasions. (Or for yourself!)

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send 52 weekly issues of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to:

name _____ (please print)

address _____

city _____ zone _____ state or province _____

from _____

if a gift, sign my card like this _____

☐ **The above subscription is for me. Please bill me for $7.50 at the same address.**

☐ **The above subscription is a gift. Please bill me for $7.00 at this address:**

name _____

address _____

city _____ zone _____ state or province _____ S-3460

SNOW PATROL

COMPILED BY MORT LUND

LS—depth of snow on lower slopes, US—depth of snow on upper slopes, TD—total snowfall during the week days, TW—total snowfall during the weekend; CD—crowd during the week, CW—crowd during the weekend, CL—closed lifts, trails or slopes

EAST

Eastern Slope Region, N.H.: At Cranmore, North, South, East slopes open. About half of trails opened in rotation daily. Sunny weather followed New Year's cold spell. Cedric Sherrer of Lyndon, Vt. won annual Jackson ski club eight-mile cross-country race. LS 4 to 8, US 4 to 8, TD 1, TW 0, CD 1,000, CW 1,000. CL—Ledges. At Intervale, Pomalift opened last weekend. LS 4 to 8, US 4 to 10, TD 1, CW 50. CL—Twister. At Black Mt., all trails open with good skiing on granular surface. LS 5 to 10, US 5 to 10, TD 2, TW 0, CD 500, CW 500. At Thorn Mt., LS 1 to 3, US 1 to 6, TW 0, OD 250, CW 200. CL—Plum Line, Bob Cat.

Cannon Mt., N.H.: Cannon, Ravine, Hardscrabble, Taft, Turnpike open. Skiers lacquering bright colors on old skis to match pinstriped Cortina skis. Klaff finger-tip, wool-lined-raccoon skin parkas causing comment here. LS 4 to 26, US 6 to 30, TD 3, CD 1,800, CW 1,800.

Mt. Sunapee, N.H.: Rope slope, T bar and Skyway slope opened last week for first time. Chipmunk trail good over weekend in spite of sleet conditions. LS 4, US 6, TD 3, TW 3, CD 500, CW 2,500.

Belknap, N.H.: Chair and ropes operating daily. T bar trails on weekends. Some powder over hard pack base last week. LS 2, US 8, TD 4, TW 0, CD 1,000, CW 1,000.

Stowe, Vt.: Some powder on most trails, but cover on Mansfield wearing thin last weekend. LS 20 to 24, US 24 to 30, TD 3, TW 0, CD 500, CW 700, CL—S53.

Mad River Glen, Vt.: Best skiing on Chipmunk with some bare spots on upper trails. Cold weather has made PM stocking cap plus coonskin coat frequent combination on lift. Ski school promoting rental of short skis for beginners. More than 100 entries received for Class C eastern giant slalom here Jan. 15. LS 6 to 20, US 6 to 20, TD 6, TW 2, CD 900, CW 550.

Mt. Snow, Vt.: Upper lift and trails still closed last weekend. LS 2 to 14, US 4 to 30, TD 3, TW 0.

Jiminy Peak, Mass.: All trails open. Hard pack on ice last weekend. Handmade Norwegian fastcaps popular here. LS 3 to 6, TD 10, TW 0, CW 1,000.

Big Bromley, Vt.: Some icy spots in thin cover. Dave Harwood of Dartmouth won Louis Orvis giant slalom. Veterans' downhill and slalom here Jan. 15. LS 4 to 6, US 4 to 6, TD 5, CD 1,000, CW 2,000.

Bellesyre, N.Y.: Winisook, Tongora and T bar trails excellent last weekend. Some ski patrollers using Cubco safety binding. US 6 to 8, LS 6 to 8, TW 6, CD 150, CW 3,500.

Jasper, Que.: All trails good with packed powder last weekend. LS 20, US 30, TD 4, CD 600, CW 500.

Mt. Tremblant, Que.: Best skiing on Sissy Schuss and Nansen. Mild temperatures prevailed. Hotel reservations filled two to three weeks ahead. LS 20 to 23, US 22 to 31, TD 2, TW 0, CD 700, CW 600. CL—Kandahar, Devil's River, Taschereau.

MIDWEST

Boyne Mt., Mich.: Private planes landing at local airport help keep record attendances up. LS 6 to 10, US 10 to 12, CD 600, CW 360.

Caberfae, Mich.: All 25 ropes operating. Slalom bowl open over weekend. Attendance up 50% over last year. Eighty per cent of skiers using safety bindings. LS 12, US 6 to 10, TW 0, CD 1,000, CW 2,300.

Mt. Telemark, Wis.: New Namekagon room open here. LS 14, US 2 to 12, CD 60, CW 1,000.

Terry Peak, S. Dak.: Thaw reduced skiing to poor last weekend. LS 4 to 6, US 6 to 8, CW 50.

WEST

Sun Valley, Idaho: Excellent skiing on all trails, slopes. Snow depths double last year's totals. Skiers packing down powder over whole mountain. On Dollar 64, on Baldy 76, Valley floor 36. TD 8, TW 0.

Alta, Utah: All trails open. Skiing has been good on packed runs, but some ice appearing. Ski patrolmen favoring Cubco safety binding. LS 77, US 77, TD 0, TW 0, CD 2,500, CW 2,000.

Aspen, Col.: Bottom slopes packed out, skiing good. No lift lines since holidays. Marker and Star safety bindings credited with lowering accident rate. Winterskol Carnival starts Jan. 19.

Santa Fe, N. Mex.: All slopes open with skiing fair, but cover still thinning. LS 10, US 12, TD 0, TW 0, CD 100, CW 300.

Snow King, Wyo.: Excellent skiing with light powder on all slopes. Ski tow operating daily. Cars need chains. LS 14 to 20, US 28 to 34, TD 2, TW 0, CD 200, CW 300.

Big Mt., Mont.: Powder skiing on Hell Roaring, Dipsy Doodle, Mully's Mile. Four busloads of junior skiers tried out for school teams last weekend. Teenage racers regard green longthongs as top binding. LS 30 to 32, US 34 to 48, TD 7, CW 400.

FAR WEST

Squaw Valley, Calif.: Powder on all trails, best skiing on Flying Saucer, North Bowl, International. Some wind crust on slopes. Highways 40 and 50 open. LS 42, US 110 to 240, TD 34, CW 450.

Sugar Bowl, Calif.: Donald Duck, Pony Express and Mt. Disney good. Tyrolia front-throw heel-release binding being used here. Highways open. Northern California Intercollegiate meet Jan. 13 and 14. LS 132, US 168, TD 36, TW 8, CW 1,200.

Mt. Baldy, Calif.: Dry-ski school launched here on straw-covered slope in absence of sufficient cover. No other skiing last weekend.

Mt. Baker, Wash.: All runs open, main slopes well packed, unpacked slopes are windcrusted. Kulshan Ridge excellent for touring, but Shuksan Arm and Herman Saddle restricted due to avalanche danger. U.S. Forest Service surveying possible race trail from Panorama Dome to Razorbone Creek. Ankloon inflatable boot insert being used here. U. of Washington coeds favoring pastel capeskin pullover shirts. LS 162, US 196, TD 50, TW 0, CW 1,900.

Stevens Pass, Wash.: Deep powder brought post-holiday crowd out on Barrier. Highway cleared of snow slides. Penguin Ski Club giant slalom Jan. 15. LS 135 to 140, TD 10, CW 2,500.

Snoqualmie Pass, Wash.: Beaver Lake area and upper slopes of main hill excellent after heavy snows. Slides on highway cleared by weekend. Pullover sweater with zipper, V-neck and broad collar popular here. LS 120 to 125, TD 15, TD 12, CD 200, CW 3,500.

Mt. Hood, Ore.: At Timberline, new Riblet double chair operated last week for first time. Aerial tramway will close until spring for redesigning. Shuttle buses will run from Govt. Camp. At Timberline, LS 134 to US 142, TD 14, TW 4. At Govt. Camp, LS 46 to 50, US 48 to 52, TD 8, TW 2.

Grouse Mt., B.C.: All runs in good shape with dry powder. Area's free ski school had 1,500 pupils. Some racers trying Ankloon boot inserts. LS 48 to 74, US 74 to 90, CW 2,100.

SKI TIP

by FRIEDL PFEIFER

Coach, U.S. Olympic Team

RUNNING ACROSS VARIOUS SNOW SURFACES PRESENTS PROBLEMS TO BE HANDLED ALERTLY AND BY APPLYING SPECIAL TECHNIQUES



FRIEDL PFEIFER

Even good skiers may have a bad time in terrain where the snow surface varies from place to place. Handling these transitions requires special techniques.

For instance, a skier may well take a fall in going from packed powder to deep powder, since the increased friction of deep powder will slow the skis suddenly. The correct technique is to shift your weight back on the skis (one of the few times when the weight is not forward in skiing) and advance one ski until you are into the powder.

New snow which has blown across an icy base leaving alternate bare spots and powdery drifts should be skied slowly. The skier must continually shift his weight back where the snow is piled up and move the weight forward when the skis hit ice.

A crust formed by a thaw and a subsequent freeze is deceptive stuff. Even though this crust may hold the skis at first, the skier must always be alert to the possibility of breaking through. Sometimes the crust may break continuously and evenly under the skis and you are safe to ski at moderate speed. However, if the crust breaks in some spots and holds in others, be light on your skis, avoiding abrupt shifts of weight and sharp turns.

On spring days, the skier sometimes finds patches of wet snow on an otherwise dry slope. These patches can be spotted by their shininess. Check your speed, shift your weight back and advance one ski to avoid the spill that could follow the sudden slowing up of the skis on the wet snow.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

C—clear water; **SH**—slightly high; **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good, **OF**—outlook fair; **OVG**—outlook very good.

STEELHEAD TROUT: WASHINGTON: Weatherman holds all aces as all rivers were bankhigh at presstime and may be unfishable now. In coastal area best bets are Skagit River above Baker River, Sauk River near mouth at Rockport, Dakota Creek, Fisher Slough near Conway-Stanwood highway crossing, Nooksack River below Guide-Meridian Bridge. Hot streams last weekend were Humptulipa, Snoqualmie, Toutle and Green rivers. Lower Puyallup, Chehalis and Willapa should produce well for plunkers if water levels permit fishing. Central and eastern Washington still iced in, but some steelhead taken from Columbia River near Pasco and at mouth of Yakima and Wenatchee rivers last Sunday, and **OF/G.**

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Cowichan, Qualicums, Puntledge, Quinsam and Campbell rivers on Vancouver Island and Vedder on the mainland all showed good fishing last week until heavy rains brought short rises and muddy water. Most rivers have good runs but outlook is uncertain unless cold weather stabilizes levels

CALIFORNIA: Garcia, Navarro, Noyo and Gualala may be fishable and producing by now, but picture is dismal elsewhere. Flood damage to steelhead habitat, spawn and young fish won't be known accurately for months.

OREGON. **FVP, OVP.**

CHANNEL BASS: FLORIDA: This species dominating northwest as cold snap chases reds up fresh-water rivers; St. Mark's, Waccasassa and Ochlockonee best, live shrimp best bait.

OCTOPUS: FLORIDA: Party boaters fishing for groupers in Gulf west of Clearwater are bringing in as many as 50 octopi to the boat. Normally a party boat might get one or two a month, and outbreak has skippers baffled.

BLACK BASS: SOUTH CAROLINA: Many limit catches reported from Cooper River above Charleston, particularly in Rice Hope section. Plug casters doing especially well, and **OF/G.**

MISSOURI: Lake of the Ozarks (Gravois Arm area) **C, N, FG,** but small fish are rule. Live bait best, and **OG.** Osage region about same, except that water is slightly murky, and **OF.**

NEVADA: Lower Colorado River reservoirs fairly hot, as Mrs. George Mueller of Los Angeles landed 10½-pounder to set new Mohave Lake record last week, and several limits to 7 pounds taken from Cottonwood Cove near Searchlight. With temperature in 70s and air calm, **OVG.**

LOUISIANA: Good action reported in Hog Lake and Gin Lake, east of Alexandria, Black River near Jonesville and Anacoco Lake near Leesville: **OF/G.**

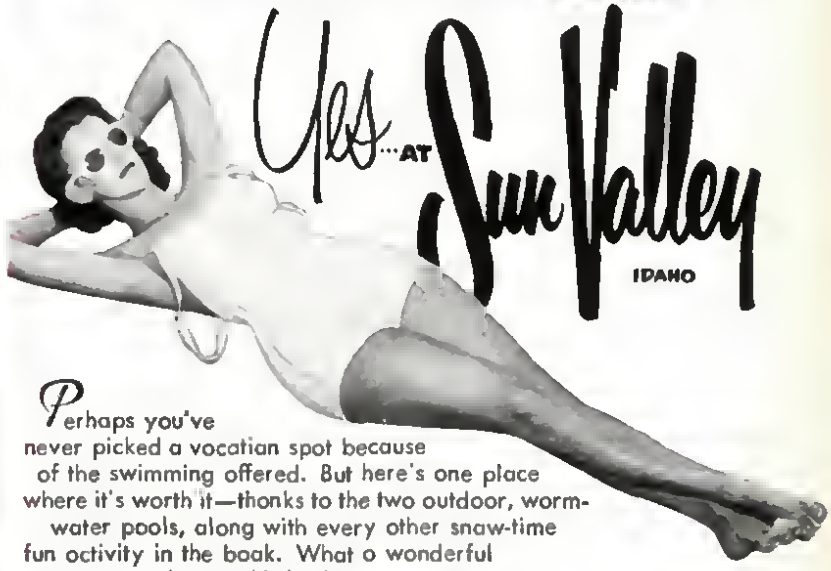
FLORIDA: Oldtimers blame low, cold water for poor fishing, and **OP** through January in most central Florida waters.

BONEFISH: BAHAMA ISLANDS: Bimini agent says bonefish are plentiful on local flats and at Cat Cay; a 10½-pounder on live shrimp and spinning tackle was heaviest reported last week, and **OG** through January.

TROUT: IDAHO: Report in Dec. 19th issue that "many rod and gun clubs are up in arms against the Fish and Game Department on question of outlawing salmon eggs as trout bait" was in error, as department has made no move to ban eggs despite pressure developing in Ada County sportsmen's group.

CALIFORNIA: Fish and Game Department recommends year-round season in eight southern counties with creel limit reduced from 15 to 10, and to 5 between November 1 and May 1. Reasons: fire hazard and low water upset regular seasons in many southern streams.

swimming in the winter?



Yes...AT Sun Valley IDAHO

Perhaps you've never picked a vocation spot because of the swimming offered. But here's one place where it's worth it—thanks to the two outdoor, warm-water pools, along with every other snow-time fun activity in the book. What a wonderful way to end your ski day!

OWNED AND OPERATED BY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

reservations?

Why not make yours now? Just address Mr. Winston McCree, Mgr., Sun Valley, Idaho, or Union Pacific Railroad, Room 2177, Omaha 2, Nebraska, or see your local travel agent.



Cortina!

Issue after next, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *appears on the opening day of the Winter Olympics at Cortina.*

It's a big PREVIEW *issue with a color gallery of leading contenders, a rundown of the events, courses and prospects.*

In the Jan. 30 issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



WESTERN ZONE TRAP SHOOT CHAMPIONSHIP, FEB. 1-5

INCLUDE THESE, TOO, ON YOUR WINTER SPORTS CALENDAR

- Thoroughbred & Quarter-horse Racing every Saturday & Sunday through April 8
- Tucson Open Golf Tournament, Feb. 9-12
- Annual Tucson Rodeo, Feb. 23-26
- Cleveland Indians Spring Training approx. March 1

Enjoy all these big events plus more sunshine than in any other resort city!

Come to Tucson in friendly Arizona

On new short route to Mexico City

FREE pictura booklet tells you about Tucson. Write: Tucson Sunshine Climate Club, 5507-E Pueblo, Tucson, Arizona

THE BIGGEST BIRD WATCH

More than 8,000 took part in this year's Christmas Bird Count. Here is a comprehensive summary of the record-breaking event with paintings by Roger Tory Peterson of his choicest birds.

by JOHN O'REILLY

NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS, from chickadees to sand-hill cranes, got their greatest going-over in 56 years during the Christmas-New Year holidays. The country's most ardent bird watchers, 8,000 strong—men and women, boys and girls, experts and neophytes—turned out in scientifically organized groups, setting records for bird watching which would have been considered impossible only a few years ago.

This army of birders, marshaled into more than 575 groups, combed their favorite birding spots in nearly all the states and Canadian provinces. Their aim was to see as many as possible of the continent's several billion land birds and of its legions of sea birds along the coasts. No single birder or group could hope to spot as many as 200 of the 650 or more recorded species. But each group was out to establish a record.

Bird watching has been described as a hobby, a sport and a scientific pursuit. Whatever it is, the birders proved that it is big doings. This was no haphazard, leisurely observation of the feathered fauna of America, but the highly organized 56th annual Christmas Bird Count under the aegis of the National Audubon Society and in collaboration with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The rules were strict and the competition keen. Foul weather couldn't hold the watchers back. Task forces were deployed in military style. Predawn blackness found them deep in the woods hooting up owls. Noon saw them gnawing sandwiches while keeping an eye out for just one more species. And in the darkness, long after nightfall, they were still huddled over their lists, checking their totals and gloating over rare finds they had made during the long day.

Top honors for the entire nation went to the group at Cocoa on the east coast of Florida. There 42 watchers, under the leadership of Allan D. Cruickshank, ran up the phenomenal total of 184 species, the greatest number ever attained on a Christmas Bird Count. With this total, Florida nosed out its chief competitor, San Diego, Calif. Despite an all-out effort the California birders couldn't do better than 168 species, although they had won the previous year with 175.

Cruickshank, determined that Florida would shade California, planned his campaign long in advance. The rules state that the count must be taken within one 24-hour period from December 24 to January 2 in an area not greater than a circle with a 15-mile diameter.

Several years ago he had carefully chosen the best bird-watching spots in his area. Then calipers and maps were put to use to make sure that the birdiest locations fell within the required circle. Dr. Cruickshank's region is rich in birds, and he selected the cream of it. For weeks before December 27, the day of the count, Cruickshank and a corps of trained local observers studied the chosen area thoroughly, noting the movements of such rare species as avocets, white pelicans and scissor-tailed flycatchers so they would be able to spot them on the big day.

Then he picked his watchers with care. Cruickshank had announced that he was out to win. To increase his chances he imported some of the country's best bird watchers, among them Roger Tory Peterson, whose paintings, commissioned by SI, appear on the next four pages. Peterson flew down from his home at Old Lyme, Conn. Other

continued on page 53

PETERSON'S SELECTIONS

When the country's most ardent bird watchers turned out to make their annual Christmas Bird Count, most of them armed themselves with pocket bird guides written and illustrated by Roger Tory Peterson. These guides are the bibles of American amateur ornithologists, just as Peterson is the high priest of the bird-watching fraternity. To the envy of bird watchers everywhere, Peterson holds the record of having seen more kinds of North American birds in a single year—572—than any other watcher at any time, and his powers of identification are uncanny. He not only knows the songs of birds but also their chip notes (noises other than songs). Even blindfolded, he can name the birds about him if they are making sounds. Peterson became interested in birds when he was 11, has been studying them and painting them ever since. On the following pages Peterson has painted for SI the birds he would seek most eagerly in different parts of the U.S. on a Christmas census—some chosen because they are rare, others for their beauty.



PINE GROSBEAK

"Although not a rare bird, the pine grosbeak invades the Northeast area in erratic waves. It was observed in large numbers last year."



SPOT-BREASTED ORIOLE

"The pièce de résistance in the Miami region of Florida, this bird mysteriously appeared there from Central America in August 1949."



BOHEMIAN WAXWING

"This winter visitor from Alaska and the Canadian northwest cannot be depended upon. I personally haven't seen one east of Denver."



WHITE-TAILED KITE

"A lovely, hawklike bird, it has become rare in the U.S. This would be my most looked-for species in central and southern California."



APLOMADO FALCON

"Now all but vanished from the U.S., this falcon is what I would most like to find along the border from the Rio Grande to Arizona."





EUROPEAN WIDGEON

"A small population of them, believed to come from Iceland, elects to spend the winter on the Atlantic seaboard instead of in Europe."



CATTLE EGRET

"A newcomer from the Old World, it is now spreading out rapidly and will probably be seen in the Gulf states from Florida to Texas."



SMITH'S LONGSPUR

"This rather plain little bird winters on the southern Great Plains and is one of the few North American birds which I have never seen."



THREE-TOED WOODPECKER

"This is the bird I would make an effort to see in Canadian evergreen forests. Unlike most other male woodpeckers it has a yellow cap."



SNOWY OWL

"Look for this large white owl on the northern prairies and along the northeastern seacoast; an irregular visitor from the arctic."

BIGGEST BIRD WATCH

continued from page 48

imports included Miss Farida Wiley, bird-trip leader of the American Museum of Natural History; Dr. Joseph Howell, professor of zoology at the University of Tennessee; and Henry Bennett, supervisor of the Corkscrew Sanctuary. These, plus a contingent of sharp-eyed local birders, gave Cruickshank a phalanx which he divided into 9 task groups.

Cruickshank had the manpower, and he drove his groups unmercifully. Each party was assigned to a specific area and given a typewritten route annotated with locations of nests, favorite feeding grounds and other pertinent data. At noon they rendezvoused on a lonely back road, where they gobbled their lunches while watching unsuccessfully for the seldom-seen western kingbird and the scissor-tailed flycatcher. Then they plunged back into woods and marshes with orders to get certain species missed during the morning, and in some cases were successful.

PETERSON'S PROWESS PAYS OFF

All told, the Cocoa group spent over 500 man hours in the field, covered more than 1,000 miles by foot and car, saw almost 78,000 birds in achieving their record count. Greater importance is attached to the number of species than to the number of individuals.

Their record was made despite murky weather. Before dawn their flashlights could barely pick out canvasbacks and pintails through a dense fog. They missed for the most part the spontaneous burst of sound and color as thousands of herons, ibis and pelicans poured out of their rookeries at the first peep of the sun.

But when the fog lifted in midmorning they were gratified at the vast numbers and varieties of ducks spreading out over the tidal lagoons as far as their 60-power Balscopes could reach. Further inland, Henry Bennett stumbled upon 77 sand-hill cranes in one field, and in the pinewoods Peterson astonished even the other veterans by his remarkable ability to identify little-known birds by their calls alone. Peterson doesn't count a bird thus found until he hears it twice. All those he counted by ear were immediately confirmed by sight. But as a fellow watcher put it, "That Peterson never misses."

One rare accidental visitor Peterson picked up by sound was the pine siskin. Incidentally, seasoned birders never call out the name of a bird until certain of its identification. There is no more serious breach of birding etiquette than to be trigger-happy and name birds upon evidence which is too slight. One who does so is accorded looks heavy with meaning.

In late afternoon a sudden cold drizzle blew in from the Atlantic, but it turned out to be a blessing. Two parties parked their cars facing the surf and trained their binoculars through rainswept windshields at a fleet of 26 fishing boats making for the harbor under a canopy of screaming sea birds. They spotted over 100 gannets, a duck hawk and, perhaps the best catch of the day, three parasitic jaegers, swift hunters of the deep, offshore seas which snatch their food from the beaks and claws of other birds.

Cruickshank got the last bird of the day on a windswept tidal spit. While listening to Canada geese overhead he saw a lone silhouette streak down the sand spit.

"Green heron!" shouted Cruickshank. And he added, by way of explanation: "It's easy to spot in silhouette because it's the only crow-sized heron."

All day long Cruickshank had been barking orders like a general dispatching crucial missions—"Get the old squaw"—"Honk up some fat geese"—"Tie down the avocets." And when his crew assembled at his home at Rockledge that night, his eyes were still bright with the eagerness of the chase. Party leaders phoned in their tallies and the totals mounted. By 10 p.m. it became evident that their group had broken all Christmas Count records, and Cruickshank's grin was wider than ever.

Tougher conditions were encountered by 53 members of the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club who invaded the historic birding grounds at Cape

continued on next page

HOW SI COVERED BIRD COUNT

While bird-watching groups across the nation were organizing themselves for the big bird count SI was deploying its own forces to cover the event under the guidance of Writer John O'Reilly. Correspondent William Shelton accompanied the Cocoa, Fla. team, James Rowe watched with the San Benito, Texas group, Frank Nye was at Davenport, Iowa; Robert Nichols at San Diego, Calif. and Robert Stein at Portland, Ore. O'Reilly covered the Cape May, N.J. count and later compiled the telegraphed reports into this comprehensive summary.



TOP U.S. BIRD WATCHERS who joined forces to help Cocoa, Fla. group beat record included, left to right: Allan D. Cruickshank (leader); Dr. Joseph Howell (University of Tennessee); Roger Tory Peterson (at the Balscope); Foster White and Henry Bennett.



HOOTING UP OWLS at 3 a.m. in New Jersey, Ed Reimann *left* and Jack Wykoff spotted three great horned specimens.



LOOKING OVER DUCKS on Lily Lake, a Cape May, N.J. bird watcher identifies and counts pintail, shoveler and black duck in flock.

BIGGEST BIRD WATCH

continued from page 53

May, N.J. Here Dr. Ernest A. Choate, a Philadelphia high school principal, was the general in command of the bird-watching troops. Twenty-five birders arrived at Dr. Choate's summer house at Cape May Point wearing boots and binoculars and swathed in many layers of clothing. The others stayed at motels.

Even though a mockinghird sat in a bush in front of the house when the first watchers arrived, Dr. Choate and his crew were dubious over their prospects because a prolonged cold spell had frozen the marshes and fresh water ponds. Sitting around an iron stove, they received their assignments, and party leaders went into separate huddles with their aides. Their ages ranged from 12 to 73, but they all had the same enthusiasm.

It was early when they crawled into bedding rolls spread on the floor. They had to be afield at dawn. They had a long tradition to uphold, for Cape May's first Christmas Bird Count was made in 1903.

The first man abroad was Edward Reimann, a chiropodist, who had the assignment to hoot up some owls. He began by hooting up three great horned owls and by the end of the day the list included the barn, screech and short-eared owls. Some owls are not too hard to hoot up, answering even a poor imitation of their call. Another way to interest an owl is to squeak like a mouse.

The odd sounds that bird watchers make is one of the reasons why the tribe is often misunderstood. Some carry automatic bird calls, but the more adept place their lips against the backs of their hands and emit a series of squeaks and whistles which arouse bird curiosity.

RARE VISITOR SEEN

By 6 a.m. the task forces were deployed in the woods, along the beaches and out on windswept rock jetties. Some checked feeding stations in towns while others cruised the fields for meadowlarks. When they reached the wide marshes of the Delaware they found they could walk out on the ice, a slippery trip which netted a killdeer, an American egret and various hawks.

One party was easing into some woods to investigate an odd sound when a woman emerged from a nearby house and advanced with the obvious intent of chasing them off her property.

"We're looking for birds. We're making the Christmas Bird Count," Philip A. Livingston, a publisher, hurried to explain.

"Oh, I thought you were hunters," the woman said. "You can look all you want to."

Then she added helpfully, "Say, I've got a Peterson's guide up at the house."

This brought smiles, and they assured her they were well equipped with bird guides. There was a time when birders were looked upon with greater suspicion. During World War II many a bird watcher was hauled in and given a hard time by the police.

The high point of the day at Cape May came when Dr. Dale R. Coman, professor of experimental pathology at the University of Pennsylvania, spotted a European woodcock, a rare visitor to these shores. Dr. Coman insisted that credit for adding this rarity to the list should go to his seven-month-old setter pup, Huckleberry, which had flushed the bird.

That night all the watchers assembled in a restaurant for dinner while the party leaders gave their reports to Dr. Choate. The results showed 144 species, seven less than last year's record for the Cape May Count. This disappointment was offset by the European woodcock and the fact that they had also seen two barn swallows, a white-crowned sparrow and a European black-headed gull, all good birds for the region. Bird watchers are never crestfallen for long.

Across the country from Cape May, 60 bird watchers conducted the Portland, Ore. count on January 2nd in a heavy rain, showing up in all sorts of foul-weather gear, including World War II gas capes. Despite the heavy going, they ran up a total of 93 species and 67,123 individuals, both records for the area.

At one point Earl Marshall, a civil engineer who has been on every bird count there since 1926, and Mrs. Ruth Schreiber, who joined the Oregon Audubon Society only a year ago, were heading through the rain to check a small apple orchard when a woman opened the door of a nearby house and called, "May I help you?"

"We're counting birds for the Audubon Society," she was told.

"You're what?"

When told again the woman grabbed her head with both hands and said, "You can have them." Then she closed the door against the driving rain. Little did she know that Mr. Marshall and Mrs. Schreiber were on the point of spotting 15 robins, 25 varied thrushes, an evening grosbeak, a spotted towhee and three song sparrows. It was a good haul for any orchard.

SAN DIEGO BID FAILS

But the best bird on that count was a water ouzel.

"Remarkable," said Mr. Marshall.

Farther down the West Coast, Dr. James E. Crouch, professor of zoology at San Diego State College, led the watchers on the San Diego count. Well aware of Dr. Cruickshank's vow to beat the San Diego crowd, they made a valiant effort to repeat or better their performance of last year when they rang up the highest count in the nation, 175 species. But the best Dr. Crouch and his birders could do this year was 168 species and 38,038 individuals.

On the Texas coast, 26 observers got 163 species and 295,958 birds at the Laguna Atascosa National Wildlife Refuge. This was nine species more, but 861,413 birds less, than they got last year. Luther Goldman, the refuge manager, said the smaller number of individuals was due to the relative scarcity of pintail and redhead ducks, species for which the refuge is famous. He said he believed many of the ducks had migrated to Mexico and Central America because of lack of food. Also, the foggy day did not clear until noon.

The count at Davenport, Iowa was a record breaker from almost every standpoint. They got 72 species and 11,790 birds. Meanwhile, city bird watchers combing Manhattan managed to turn up 48 species. This was good but not a record.

These results of the nationwide Christmas Bird Count must be considered unofficial until they are checked and published by the National Audubon Society in the April issue of *Audubon Field Notes*. More than 575 separate counts taken all over the country must be analyzed.

All this business of counting birds at Christmas time was started in 1900 by the late Dr. Frank M. Chapman, a great and kind man who was the father of popular American bird watching. Twenty-seven persons took part in the first Christmas Count. Their numbers increased steadily, but in recent years the sport took a real spurt. There were almost twice as many participants this year as five years ago. The watchers, in fact, were so numerous this time that the National Audubon Society had to charge an entry fee of 50¢ per person to help defray the expenses of printing the results.

The bird-watching bug is spreading faster than ever, striking people of almost all ages and occupations. There is no question that it is deeply infectious. For example, Bill Shelton, SI's Florida correspondent who covered the Cocoa count as his first bird-watching assignment, attached the following note to his dispatch:

"This was a fascinating assignment. Incidentally, I spotted the first white pelicans (with 9-foot wingspreads) seen on the count. Think I'll join these birders myself." END

SPECIES SEEN IN WINNING BIRD COUNT

Forty-two observers in Cocoa, Fla. broke the existing record of species seen in a Christmas Count—175 by San Diego watchers in 1954—by definitely identifying 184 species. These were:

Common loon	12	Virginia rail	5	Scrub jay	62
Red-throated loon	1	Sora	34	American crow	8
Horned grebe	104	Florida gallinule	42	Fish crow	420
Pied-billed grebe	212	American coot	12,000+	Brown-headed nuthatch	22
White pelican	48	Piping plover	16	House wren	71
Brown pelican	520	Ringed plover	145	Carolina wren	18
Gannet	85	Wilson's plover	2	Long-billed marsh wren	64
Double-crested cormorant	1,200+	Killdeer	182	Short-billed marsh wren	37
Water turkey	78	Black-bellied plover	94	Mockingbird	112
Man-of-war bird	5	Ruddy turnstone	172	Catbird	109
Great blue heron	83	American woodcock	2	Brown thrasher	9
American egret	410	Wilson's snipe	53	American robin	5,480+
Snowy egret	580	Spotted sandpiper	11	Hermit thrush	8
Louisiana heron	128	Willet	11	Eastern bluebird	114
Little blue heron	116	Greater yellowlegs	54	Blue-gray gnatcatcher	54
Green heron	8	Lesser yellowlegs	32	Ruby-crowned kinglet	60
Black-crowned night heron	26	Red knot	11	Water pipit	42
Yellow-crowned night heron	2	Least sandpiper	72	Cedar waxwing	49
American bittern	2	Red-backed sandpiper	683	Loggerhead shrike	62
Least bittern	4	Dowitcher	62	Common starling	100+
Wood ibis	62	Semipalmated sandpiper	410	White-eyed vireo	11
Glossy ibis	40	Western sandpiper	42	Solitary vireo	7
White ibis	720	Marbled godwit	1	Black-and-white warbler	5
American brant	3	Sanderling	284	Orange-crowned warbler	42
Mallard	14	American avocet	13	Parula warbler	2
Black duck	7	Parasitic jaeger	3	Myrtle warbler	3,680+
Mottled duck	24	Great black-backed gull	2	Yellow-throated warbler	9
Gadwall	42	Herring gull	240	Pine warbler	82
American widgeon	285	Ring-billed gull	424	Prairie warbler	3
Pintail	1,250+	Laughing gull	415	Palm warbler	712
Green-winged teal	24	Bonaparte's gull	82	Ovenbird	1
Blue-winged teal	175	Forster's tern	76	Northern water thrush	2
Shoveler	108	Common tern	4	Common yellowthroat	144
Wood duck	2	Least tern	1	House sparrow	212
Redhead	240	Royal tern	650	Eastern meadowlark	68
Ring-necked duck	156	Cabot's tern	6	Red-winged blackbird	1,200+
Canvasback	480	Caspian tern	48	Rusty blackbird	40
Lesser scaup	36,000+	Black skimmer	520	Boat-tailed grackle	339
Bufflehead	5	Mourning dove	212	Purple grackle	284
Old squaw	2	Ground dove	64	Brown-headed cowbird	54
White-winged scoter	1	Barn owl	1	Cardinal	128
Surf scoter	1	Screech owl	2	Painted bunting	18
Ruddy duck	144	Horned owl	4	Purple finch	5
Hooded merganser	4	Barred owl	4	Pine siskin	1
Red-breasted merganser	38	Short-eared owl	1	American goldfinch	226
Turkey vulture	92	Whippoorwill	3	Eastern towhee	82
Black vulture	34	Ruby-throated hummingbird	2	Savannah sparrow	224
Sharp-shinned hawk	14	Belted kingfisher	86	Grasshopper sparrow	2
Cooper's hawk	5	Yellow-shafted flicker	112	Henslow's sparrow	1
Red-tailed hawk	16	Pileated woodpecker	16	Sharp-tailed sparrow	5
Red-shouldered hawk	15	Red-bellied woodpecker	62	Dusky seaside sparrow	7
Bald eagle	11	Redheaded woodpecker	1	Vesper sparrow	7
Marsh hawk	16	Yellow-bellied sapsucker	23	Lark sparrow	1
Osprey	4	Hairy woodpecker	4	Pinewoods sparrow	13
Peregrine falcon	1	Downy woodpecker	12	Chipping sparrow	164
Pigeon hawk	2	Red-cockaded woodpecker	5	Clay-colored sparrow	1
Sparrow hawk	122	Eastern phoebe	165	Field sparrow	7
Bobwhite	9	Tree swallow	1,400+	White-throated sparrow	11
Sand-hill crane	81	Barn swallow	1	Lincoln's sparrow	1
Limpkin	2	Purple martin	1	Swamp sparrow	146
King rail	14	Blue jay	58	Song sparrow	16
Clapper rail	7				

continued from page 32

shot as there is in the league, and with that other member of the Celtics' perennial Big Three, Easy Ed Macauley who, as Cousy sees it, has the greatest variety of moves of any big man.)

These are the classic fundamentals, practiced intuitively by the topnotch players since the game, along with just about every other American sport, entered its "modern" phase as part of the great coming of age of athletics in this country at the close of World War I. The team that made America basketball-conscious was the New York Celtics. In the early and middle '20s the original Celtics and the later editions —featuring stars like Johnny Beckman, Nat Holman, Pete Barry, Davey Banks, Dutch Dehnert, Chris Leonard, Horse Haggerty and Joe Lapchick—ranged up and down the eastern half of the country playing one-night stands against the best local opposition in gyms, dance halls, or any enclosure available large enough to accommodate a court and some spectators.

The Celtics did not run up overwhelming scores—40 points was a staggering total in those days—but what made them worth driving miles to see was the fashion in which the entire team handled the ball, whistling it around with a speed, a crispness and a command of pattern that no other team could come close to. The ball moved so fast sometimes that opposing teams lost sight of it, literally. The Celtics sold basketball wherever they went and to their considerable satisfaction, for they approached their arduous touring with the passion of missionaries. It was this dedication to presenting the game on the highest possible level that, one evening in 1926 in Chattanooga, accidentally resulted in the invention of the pivot play, from that night on a standard pattern of offense. During the first quarter that night the Celtics had been unable to work the ball around with their characteristic precision. "One big fellow had planted himself at the foul line, and he was making it rough for us," Joe Lapchick, at 6 foot 5 inches by far the tallest man on the Celtics, was remembering this winter. "To block that man out so that we could get our passing game started again, Dutch Dehnert got the idea of taking up a position right in front of that guy with his back turned to the basket. We started feeding the ball into Dutch, and he whipped it back as fast as it went in. This must have looked awfully good, for the fans started screaming with delight. A little later on in the game one of our players shot the ball into Dutch from the right, and another player cut by from the left. As he did so, Dutch fed the ball to him, and there he was right in for a perfect layup. At another time the man playing Dutch tried to intercept a pass before it reached the pivot. Dutch got the ball and then simply pivoted around and faced the basket. He had an easy unguarded layup. Then we began to get excited. It had become clear to us that we had hit on a brilliant new style of attack that was not only good to look at but a very functional style that released a tremendous variety of optional plays."

"BREAK UP THE CELTICS"

In addition to their barnstorming, the Celtics also played 44 games a year in the old American League. They were the perennial champions, and in time, with the fans turning out only to watch the Celtics, the league was not prospering as it hoped to. The cry went up, "break up the Celtics." In the late '20s they did.

Soon after the partition of the Celtics, pro basketball, with an assist from hard times, dwindled into a shadow of its former self. It took the next tremendous upsurge of sports in general following World War II to bring about a renaissance of the pro game. During the 25-year interval basketball went through a transformation that might be compared to the usual result produced when a naturally pretty if somewhat unfinished country girl is taken in hand by a Hollywood studio: many of the changes wrought are indeed for the better and make her more attractive, and everything would be fine except that at least an equal number of the other changes invariably rob her of her natural charm and make her almost unrecognizable. Anyhow, basketball changed. The center jump went out, which speeded up the game and produced higher and higher scores which people claimed that "people" liked. The 10-second backcourt rule came in, an undeniable boon. From out of the West in the middle-late '30s came a real Lochinvar, Hank Luisetti of Stanford, a breath-taking player years ahead of his time who could do everything (including dribble behind his back) and who was, among his other accomplishments, the man who popularized the one-hand push shot. As developed by Luisetti, the one-hand push was thrown much softer and with much less spin than the customary two-handed set. As a result, if the shot was slightly off the mark, the ball had a



AT COUSY'S HOME in Worcester, Mass., Bob, Marie Colette, 4, Mary Pat, 3, and Marie Cousy compose themselves for an informal family portrait on the stairway.

much greater chance of bouncing off the rim and in. At least as important was the fact that a player could shoot a one-hander much more quickly than it took him to get set for a two-hander. Consequently, the one-hander became much more than a vogue; it became a standard. The advent of the one-hand set, incidentally, was not hampered by the gradual decrease in the size of the basketball. A decade earlier it was probably an inch and a half larger in diameter, and it took a Horse Haggerty to palm one upside down.

From out of the West also came the fast break. There were many fans who didn't think this style was real basketball, but they were forced to admit that it was an effective means of scoring when a team had an agile big man breaking up the court and other agile big men to pick the rebound off if the lead man missed his shot. With this one fast movement, a team had arrived at the same position where it would have taken many moves in orthodox "possession" basketball. As a result, coaches everywhere tried to corral as many big men as they could find, and the era of the ungainly big man began. The next natural step was the development by these tall players of unstoppable shots which they could get off even if they were closely guarded and completely out of position to shoot. As the offensive specialist—meaning a player who had no idea of how to play defense—became the order of the day, the skillful floorman became scarcer and scarcer, and a superb all-round player like Bob Davies of Seton Hall was a valid rarity.

This then was the shape basketball was in, a hodgepodge of advanced skills and rank defacements, when two new pro leagues (later merged into the NBA) hopefully began distributing franchises in 1946. A fan naturally expects the pro version of a sport to be markedly superior in technique to the collegiate version, and since pro basketball wasn't, it got off to a rather shaky start. It began to catch on when Joe Fulks began to score. A strong, heavily muscled man who stood 6 feet 5 inches and who could get way off the floor and stay there for hours, Fulks was the master of the two-hand jump shot. He could start his jump with his back to the basket and wheel around in the air, and he could throw this shot from all angles. Fulks's high scoring brought out the crowds who had read in the papers about his scoring 30 points here and 40 points there and who wanted to see in person how any one man could ring up that phenomenal total.



AT COUSY'S CAMP, Cousy *(rear left)* and one of his counselors watch closely as basketball neophytes learn some of the finer points of man-to-man defense and offense.

Jumping Joe reached his peak one day in 1949 when he threw in 27 field goals and 9 foul shots and amassed 63 points all by himself—a total that would have exceeded the two-game totals of a good team in the '20s and early '30s. (Paul Arizin's later modification of Fulks's specialty into a one-hand jump has been the last big step in shooting techniques.) When Joe began to fade, George Mikan, 6 feet 10 inches tall but a bona fide athlete, stepped in and carried the load for the league. And then along came Cousy.

HE SUDDENLY BLOSSOMED

It took Cousy about a season and a half to find himself in pro ball. In his first year with the Celtics, 1950–51, he finished ninth in the league in scoring and was chosen rookie of the year, but, in truth, his overall play was not really impressive. Too often when he tried his fancy stuff, he fooled his teammates as badly as the rival team. When an unexpected pass from Cousy ripped by a teammate completely unprepared to receive it, it would have been inaccurate to have attributed the mixup to the fact that Cousy was just too fast for his colleagues. Like many freshmen in the pro ranks, he was prone to force openings where none existed, and his defensive play was shown to be extremely spotty. Midway through his sophomore year, he suddenly blossomed into a different ballplayer, a commanding figure in every game he played. The major credit for this quick maturity belongs, to be sure, to Cousy himself, but a sizable share should go to Arnold (Red) Auerbach, the brown-haired coach of the Celtics. Though he has often succeeded in disguising his ability as a coach by carrying on as if theatrical referee baiting was his first love, Auerbach knows the game. His big move in helping Cousy to release his bottled-up potential was to develop an offense based on the fast break, with Cousy as lead man. Auerbach also diagnosed that a key reason why Cousy had been getting himself tied up by the defense had been his predilection for trying to work the ball in too close to the basket. The foul line, he pointed out acutely, was the point where, in the large majority of situations, Cousy should make his decisions.

Then it all began to come. Familiarization with the styles of his teammates did the rest. "Bob is a wonderful team man, let me make that as clear as a crystal in case you might have picked up some erroneous ideas to the contrary," Auerbach said this winter. "The only kick I have with Cousy is that he makes practice sessions hard on a coach. All the other players just want to stand still and watch him."

In spite of what Cousy has done for basketball by his personal magnificence and his influence on other players, the

continued on next page

BOB COUSY

continued from page 57

game, as both its harshest critics and staunchest supporters agree, has quite a distance to go, in certain areas which even a Cousy cannot affect, if it hopes to develop into a better and not a worse game.

The difficulties which beset basketball as it tries to deal with its now chronic problem—how to keep from becoming a game dominated by taller and taller men with room only for occasional superlative "small men"—is epitomized by the changing attitudes of Forrest (Phog) Allen, the very vocal coach of Kansas. For years Phog was the loudest exponent of controlling the tall man's advantages by raising the basket higher off the ground. Now that Kansas has acquired Wilt the Stilt Chamberlain and his 7 feet 2 inches of ability, Phog sees no reason in the world for raising the baskets. Ten feet is perfect for Chamberlain and for Allen. In the opinion of not a few veteran observers, one possible solution of the tall-man peril would be to enlarge the court both in width and in length. Their feeling is that this larger court, by placing a greater premium on speed, quickness, maneuverability, stamina and basic basketball sense, might restore the stature of athletes of average height, and make it essential for the giants to be truly first-rate athletes like Mel Hutchins and Maurice Stokes. It might also serve to bring back that almost lost art: skillful defensive play. In this connection the other principal area in which many of the outstanding coaches and players think that basketball has gone astray from its best expression has been the evolution of a type of game in which the action is stopped far too frequently by the calling of fouls. It would appear that piecemeal revisions have no effect in the long run and that a whole new study of what is permissible body contact and what is a foul is needed. Too many referees today seem to forget that a man effecting a clean block of a layup, to cite one example, will necessarily establish *some* body contact with the shooter; while this body contact really hasn't interfered with the shooter's chances of scoring, today the calling of a foul approaches the automatic. One thing is certain: when you have seen a game in which more foul shots are made than field goals—frequently the case these days—you have not seen enjoyable or genuine basketball.

THE NOMADIC LIFE

The hardest part of the life of a pro athlete is learning how to adjust to the fact that he will never quite adjust to the plexus of eternal travel and topsy-turvy hours. Cousy is luckier than most of his brethren inasmuch as he can fall asleep in 10 minutes on any reasonably soft horizontal surface. Furthermore, as every outstanding athlete must, he has acquired the hardy mental stamina that enables him to play his usual game after snagging only a couple of hours sleep or when he is burdened by physical miseries that would render the average person *hors de combat* for pinochle. On the other hand, some aspects of the nomadic life are harder on Cousy than on some others. As anyone would be who was brought up on *pot-au-feu*, he has discriminating taste buds, and this makes things a little tough on him when a game finishes at 11 and the only eating places still open specialize in fishburgers and papaya juice. Moreover, his active mind requires something more stimulating than that favorite time-killing pastime of traveling athletes: sitting in a hotel lobby hours on end, watching everything and nothing. If it happens that he has caught up on his sleep and extra hours are still hanging awkwardly around, Bob usually takes in a movie with his roommate Sharman and some of the other players. "I've seen as many as four in one day," he remarked ruefully this winter. "I probably see more movies in a year than Louella Parsons." For all these reasons—plus the pleasure he takes in his home, his wife Missie and their children, Marie Colette, 4, and Mary Pat, 3—Cousy's spirits always rise when a road trip is ending.

The pro season is a long enervating grind. Practice starts around the first of October and the playoffs linger on into April some years. During the off-season Cousy is able to lead a relatively normal life, but the only period in which he is able to get away from basketball completely is the two months between the end of a season and mid-June. Then he goes up to New Hampshire to ready Camp Graylag, of which he is one of the three co-owners, for the influx of the campers. Graylag offers a wide range of activities but, as you might expect, its heart is a large central area paved with concrete, lined for two basketball courts, encircled with other baskets set at heights suitable for younger players, and equipped with floodlighting. The ball is bouncing practically all of the time. After the camp season comes the clinic season and sometimes, if there is room, a little missionary work. (Cousy has a standing offer to visit Finland, a country in which basketball is now giving middle-distance running a run for its money.) "I suppose it's a good thing I love my work," he said the afternoon before a game this winter when he was lolling about his living room with some friends, listening to some Nat Cole records and watching his very cute daughters turning handsprings over the furniture and unconsciously exhibiting a coordination and balance that would bring a gleam to the eye of a scout for a high-wire aerial act. "Maybe we'll let them play tennis," Cousy said with a wink as he looked away from his daughters. "Thank goodness they look like their mother. The poor kids, they've got my feet and my hands." END



YESTERDAY

EVERYBODY'S HERO ON SKATES

Hobey Baker, idol of thousands when he played hockey before World War I, looked and acted the hero's role. When he was killed in 1918, the whole nation mourned



BAKER, RESTLESS ROVER OF THE ICE RINK

THE SAGA of blond Hobart Amory Hare Baker, hockey player extraordinary and one of the most beloved athletes of his day, still mists the eye of every true Princetonian, although the youth with the flashing skates last performed some 40 years ago. They called him "the fastest thing on ice," a label that was never challenged, even by the Canadian professionals of his day. He was a dead shot and his stick handling was beautiful. Once he had the puck, he never looked at it, seeming to know where it was by the pressure on his wrist. As a rover, he was a one-man team, called "Baker and six other players."

Baker's stamina was incredible. One game against a crack Harvard team went the two regulation halves of 20 minutes each, a 10-minute overtime, and a "sudden death" period that was decided only after 23 more minutes. During every second of the 73-minute game, Baker effortlessly skimmed over the ice, seeming to be everywhere at once. When everyone else was exhausted, he was as fresh as ever.

Baker was from Philadelphia and attended St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H. in the early 1900s. There he exhibited the character as well as skating ability that later endeared him to Old Nassau and thousands of sports fans beyond. He was gay, daring and a perfect sportsman, an improbable combination of virtues made palatable by his charm and self-effacing manner. Everybody's "great guy," he made people feel good when he was around, although they could describe him only in superhuman terms.

By autumn of 1910, when he entered Princeton, Hobey was an outstanding stick master. As a freshman he was the top all-round athlete of his class, being proficient at golf, track, swimming, gymnastics and football. (In his senior year he captained the Tiger football team and dropkicked a 43-yard field goal to tie a game with Yale.) In his sophomore year he made the varsity hockey team and started to hit the headlines. That season Princeton won every game and the intercollegiate title. In 1912–13, his junior year, he was captain of the Princeton team, which was generally referred to simply as "Baker." His senior year was noted for its brilliant games, with a record of 10 wins, two losses and another intercollegiate title.

After graduation in 1914, Hobey joined the St. Nicholas hockey team, an amateur outfit which players had to pay to join. Whenever he played, the billboards read "BAKER PLAYS HERE TONIGHT," and he packed them in. As a skater, goal scorer and all-round player he outranked them all. After a series in which his team won the Ross Cup from the Montreal Stars, the Montreal *Press* said: "Uncle Sam has the cheek to develop a first class hockey player . . . who wasn't born in Montreal . . . but Baker cooked our goose so artistically that we enjoyed it." Nobody who saw him play could forget his exciting brilliance. He is one of the few amateurs in the International Hockey Hall of Fame. Princeton's ice arena is named after him, and St. Paul's competes for a sacred trophy—Hobey's stick.

During World War I Baker, as a combat pilot, continued his role of hero. Thousands of sports fans participated in a national day of mourning in 1918 when a plane crash forever stilled the winged athlete. END

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO. ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

January 13 through January 22

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13

Basketball
Arkansas vs. Rice, Fayetteville, Ark.
San Francisco vs. Fresno St., San Francisco.
S. Carolina vs. N. Carolina, Columbia, S.C.
Virginia Tech vs. G. Washington, Blacksburg, Va.
W. Virginia vs. Penn State, Morgantown, W. Va.
(Professionals)
Boston vs. Syracuse & Rochester vs. St. Louis, Boston.

Boat Show
Natl. Motorboat Show, N. Y. (through Jan. 22).

Boxing
● Ludwig Lightburn vs. Joey Lopes, lightweights.
● San Francisco (10 rds.), 7 p.m. P.S.T. (NBC).

Rodeo
Natl. Western Stock Show, Denver (through Jan. 21).

Tennis
Phoenix Thunderbird Invitational tournament, Phoenix, Ariz. (through Jan. 15).
World Tennis Tour, Indianapolis.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14

Auto Racing
Torrey Pines sports car races, La Jolla, Calif. (also Jan. 15).

Basketball
Alabama vs. Auburn, Montgomery, Ala.
Arkansas St. vs. Memphis St., Jonesboro, Ark.
Canisius vs. Dayton, Buffalo.
Clemson vs. N. Carolina, Clemson, S.C.
Duke vs. Maryland, Durham, N.C.
Holy Cross vs. Boston U., Worcester, Mass.
Indiana vs. Illinois, Bloomington, Ind.
Kentucky vs. LSU, Lexington, Ky.
● Michigan St. vs. Purdue, East Lansing, Mich., 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS) Men to watch: State's Julius McCoy (15) & Purdue's Joe Sexson (34).
Ohio State vs. Wisconsin, Columbus, Ohio.
Temple vs. Manhattan, Philadelphia.
Tulsa vs. Wichita, Tulsa.
Vanderbilt vs. Mississippi, Nashville.
VMI vs. Geo. Washington, Lexington, Va.
(Professionals)
New York vs. St. Louis, New York.
Minneapolis vs. Fort Wayne, Minneapolis.
Rochester vs. Syracuse, Rochester.
● Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia, 3 p.m. (NBC*).

Golf
Sea Island Open tournament (women), Sea Island, Ga. (also Jan. 15).

Hockey
Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.
Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.
Chicago vs. Detroit, St. Louis.

Horse Racing
El Encino Handicap (turf), $20,000, 1¼ m., 4-yr.-olds up & San Fernando Stakes, $25,000, 1 1 16 m., 4-yr.-olds, Santa Anita Pk., Arcadia, Calif.

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Louisville.

Track & Field
Knights of Columbus meet, Boston.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 15

Basketball
(Professionals)
Boston vs. New York, Boston.
Syracuse vs. Rochester, Syracuse, N.Y.
Fort Wayne vs. Minneapolis, Fort Wayne, Ind.
St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, St. Louis.

Football
Pro Bowl, East vs. West, Los Angeles.

Hockey
Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit.
Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.
Chicago vs. New York, Chicago.

Sailing
Inter-American race, San Diego to Acapulco, starts.

MONDAY, JANUARY 16

Basketball
Indiana vs. Mich. St., Bloomington, Ind.
Kansas vs. Iowa St., Lawrence, Kan.
N. Carolina vs. Maryland, Chapel Hill, N.C.
Purdue vs. Illinois, Lafayette, Ind.
Rice vs. Texas, Houston.
Vanderbilt vs. Miss. St., Nashville.

Bobsledding
Olympic eliminations start, Cortina D'Ampezzo, Italy

Horse Racing
Tropical Handicap, $35,000, 1⅛ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Tropical Pk., Coral Gables, Fla.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 17

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, Worcester, Mass.
(Professionals)
Boston vs. Fort Wayne, Charlotte, N.C.
Minneapolis vs. St. Louis, Kansas City, Mo.
New York vs. Rochester, New York

Hockey
Chicago vs. New York, Omaha

Horse Racing
Hialeah Inaugural Handicap, $20,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Hialeah Pk., Hialeah, Fla.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18

Basketball
Dayton vs. Villanova, Dayton, Ohio.
Louisville vs. Memphis St., Louisville, Ky.
N. Carolina vs. N.C. State, Chapel Hill, N.C.
Pitt vs. W. Virginia, Pittsburgh.
(Professionals)
Boston vs. Fort Wayne, Miami, Fla.
Minneapolis vs. Philadelphia, St. Paul.
Rochester vs. New York, Rochester.

Boxing
● Sandy Saddler vs. Flash Elorde, World's Featherweight Championship,
● Cow Palace, San Francisco (15 rds.), 7 p.m. P.S.T. (ABC*)

Hockey
Toronto vs. Montreal, Toronto.

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Philadelphia.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19

Basketball
(Professionals)
Syracuse vs. Minneapolis, Syracuse, N.Y.
Fort Wayne vs. St. Louis, New Orleans.

Golf
Tampa Open tournament (women), Tampa, Fla. (through Jan. 22).

Hockey
Montreal vs. Toronto, Montreal.
Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit.

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Washington, D.C. (also Jan. 20).

FRIDAY, JANUARY 20

Basketball
Holy Cross vs. American Intl., Worcester, Mass.
Iowa St. vs. Drake, Ames, Iowa.
Washington (St. L.) vs. Memphis St., St. Louis.
(Professionals)
Boston vs. St. Louis & New York vs. Minneapolis, Boston.

Boxing
● Gil Turner vs. Gene Fullmer, middleweights,
● Syracuse, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Golf
Convair-San Diego Open tournament, San Diego (through Jan. 23).

Hockey
Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago.

Sailing
Fort Lauderdale-to-Bimini ocean race starts.

Track & Field
Philadelphia Inquirer games, Philadelphia.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21

Auto Racing
SCAA Frostbite Race, Fort Worth (also Jan. 22).

Basketball
Alabama vs. La. College, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Baylor vs. Rice, Waco, Texas.
Dayton vs. Xavier (Ohio), Dayton, Ohio.
● Michigan vs. Iowa, Ann Arbor, Mich., 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS) Men to watch: Iowa's Carl Cain (21) & Michigan's Ron Kramer (27).
Mich. St. vs. Minnesota, E. Lansing, Mich.
N.C. State vs. Wm. & Mary, Raleigh, N.C.
Purdue vs. Ohio St., Lafayette, Ind.
Temple vs. Lehigh, Philadelphia.
Tennessee vs. Kentucky, Knoxville, Tenn.
Vanderbilt vs. Ga. Tech, Nashville.
(Professionals)
● New York vs. Minneapolis, New York, 3 p.m. (NBC*).
Rochester vs. St. Louis, Rochester.
Philadelphia vs. Fort Wayne & Boston vs. Syracuse, Philadelphia.

Hockey
Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto.

Horse Racing
Hibiscus Stakes, $20,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, c & g, Hialeah Pk., Hialeah, Fla.
Santa Maria Stakes, $20,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, f & m. & Santa Catalina Handicap, $25,000, 1⅛ m., 4-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Pk., Arcadia, Calif.

Ice Skating
Great Lakes championships (speed), West Allis, Wis. (also Jan. 22).

Skiing
Natl. jumping championships, Westby, Wis. (also Jan. 22).

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Boston.

Track & Field
Washington Evening Star meet, including AAU Sr. Women's Indoor championships, Washington, D.C.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 22

Auto Racing
NASCAR 150-m. late model race, Phoenix, Ariz.

Basketball
(Professionals)
Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston
Syracuse vs. St. Louis, Syracuse, N.Y.
Fort Wayne vs. Rochester, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Minneapolis vs. New York, Minneapolis.

Hockey
Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago.
Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit.
Boston vs. New York, Boston.

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Baltimore.

*See local listing.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Cover—Fred Lyon from Rapho Guillumette 2, 10, 11—drawings by Ajay 4—Howard Hodges AP 5—A.P., Ralph Morse, A.P. 13-15—Fred Lyon from Rapho Guillumette 17—map by Fred Ivy 18, 19—top, Joe Clark 20—Joe Clark; 21—courtesy Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village 22—U.P.I., Max Kauffman A.P. 26, 27—Wil Blanche Prange Pictures 28—Hy Peskin 29—middle, U.P., Mack Hughes Keith Dennison-Oakland Tribune; bottom, A.P., I.N.P. Harold Carter) 33—Richard Meek 35—Mark Kauffman, Grey Villet, I.R. Everman, Mark Kauffman, Keystone Press, Grey Villet 40—Hans Knopf Pix 43—University of Maryland Photo Staff 44—Robert Cantwell 46—Ferenc Berko 53—Karl Hunziker 54—Hans Knopf-Pix 56—James E. Coyne

19th HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE GREATEST

Sirs:

I just finished reading *The Year, the Moment, and Johnny Podres* (SI, Jan. 2) and it was like reliving that greatest of days last October. A big pat on the back for a very fine and moving article. That young man Johnny is truly the greatest sportsman of 1955 for he gave me my greatest sports thrill and all the rest of the world's baseball fans, too, I'm sure.

MRS. ARNOTT (PAT) DUNCAN

Phoenix, Ariz.

STORYBOOK CHARACTER

Sirs:

Congratulations on honoring Johnny Podres with the title Sportsman of the Year. Johnny was the principal character in 1955's World Series, which was turned from a possible record-book Series into a storybook Series.

CAROL KELLY

Hammond, Ind.

BEST CHOICE

Sirs:

My congretulations on naming Johnny Podres Sportsman of the Year. You've never made a better choice.

TERESA JANKIEWICZ

Baltimore, Md.

CAREER GIRL

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you on your wonderful story and cover of Sportsman of the Year Johnny Podres. I have been following his career ever since he appeared in his first game against the Giants.

I have read many stories on him, but the one that appeared in SI January 2 was the best I have ever read and the picture on your cover was the only one I have seen that really looks like him.

MARY PRESTON

College Point, N.Y.

PHOOEY

Sirs:

Phooey on your selection of Johnny Podres as Sportsman of the Year. To select a flash in the pan, paprikaed with luck, over at least a dozen worthy contestants is to me just a sentimental lost weekend. If it were not for your reputation for 14-carat fairness, I would say the contest was rigged.

JAMES PALESE

Pelham, N.Y.

AN OUTRAGE

Sirs:

How can you do this? Johnny Podres was not even the best player on his team, let alone his league. Granted he is a fine young pitcher and had a great day against the Yanks. However, you can hardly compare his performance with those of Howard Cassady, Otto Graham, Tony Trebert, Yogi Berra, Ted Kluszewski, Cary Middlecoff, Bill Russell, Tom Gola, Bob Cousy and Don Campbell among others, all of whom deserved the award more.

I like reading your fine magazine but this is an outrage.

MARTIN CHARLES SPECHLER

Lima, Ohio

A GRAVE MISTAKE

Sirs:

When I saw your choice for the Sportsman of the Year I was baffled. I don't understand how you could bestow such an honor for only one very well-pitched game of baseball.

The length of time something takes doesn't matter. I agreed with your selection of Roger Bannister although what he did took less than four minutes. That was something man has been striving toward for many years. The World's Championship of Baseball is won every year and Podres wasn't even a .500 pitcher!

One game doesn't make a man the leader of the sports world in which there are so many great athletes. I believe you have made a very grave mistake.

L. RUSHFIELD

Brooklyn, N.Y.

WITH EQUAL JUSTICE

Sirs:

Podres' World Series performance entitled him to be nominated Sportsman of the Week, perhaps, but not of the entire sports year. With equal justice you might have chosen a horse that won just one race, a boxer with only one KO to his credit or a football back who made only one spectacular run.

I picture the Man of the Year as having been consistently outstanding, under pressure and in the doldrums.

F. A. HARDING

New Brunswick, N.J.

MEMORIES OF '55

Sirs:

The year 1955 will always be remembered as the year of the four great Hungarian distance runners, led by Iharos. Their records and performances (especially in the four-mile relay) are beyond my approach.

KENNETH M. GORSHKOW

Seattle, Wash.

PATS AND PROTESTS

Sirs:

Are you sure you are not letting politics interfere with sports? If you are, shame on you. Suppose Sandor Iharos had hailed from Witherbee, N.Y., what then? I will bet $5 towards the Olympic Fund that this time your selection will bring more protests than pats on the back, provided of course that no Flatbush Avenue opinions are counted. Anyway, your magazine is great and in a class all by itself.

DON N. PENIDO

Clifton, N.J.

● So far the protests have it by a slim margin—ED.

ASSIST

Sirs:

You once again gave valuable assistance to the cause of college soccer (E & D, Dec. 26). It is gratifying to see a publication as large as yours give the type of coverage the college soccer enthusiasts have been crying for so long.

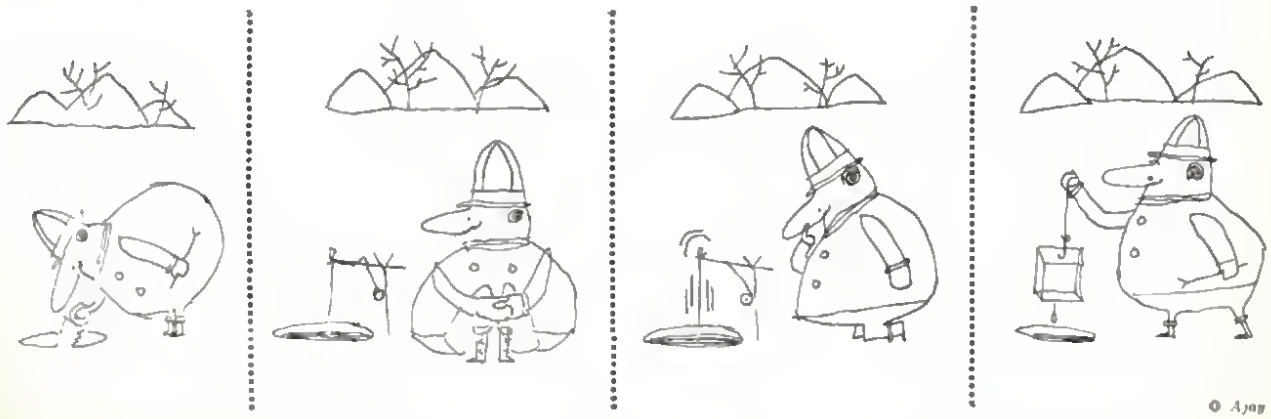
JOHN MCKEON

University of Bridgeport

Bridgeport, Conn.

continued on next page

MR. CAPER —— **by AJAY**



© Ajay

19th HOLE *continued from page 61*

ANOTHER PLAN FOR SOCCER

Sirs:

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES' "A Plan for Soccer" (SI, Dec. 26) may be the answer to part of the game's overall problems, particularly the collegiate angle, in the U.S.

I wanted to let you know that the next annual meeting of the professional American League in July will include this item on the agenda.

All of the advantages you named are certainly true and in addition you could have mentioned ideal weather conditions. We in the pro game are coming to the conclusion that fans are not going to attend our games in cold wintry weather so there is no sense playing during this period of the year.

The college problem isn't so much weather as football competition.

Therefore, I would like to offer another thought. Why not have the college soccer games played as preliminaries to the football games? Let the bands, etc., do their stuff during the halves.

The combination football-soccer goal posts could be used and the soccer lines could be marked in yellow and not detract from the football markings or vice versa.

Frankly, I think the greatest deterrent is offered by those in charge of the athletic programs of our colleges today, both the athletic directors and football coaches. They just won't give soccer a chance. The game has made its gains in spite of them.

Of course, the people in charge of soccer are to blame as well. They seem contented to play out their schedule and not worry about getting information to the newspapers for publicity.

Let the National Soccer Coaches Association and the Intercollegiate Soccer Football Association get their houses in order at their annual conventions in January and you will see the game begin to flourish.

Thanks to SI for at least an occasional coverage of this fine sport.

MILLARD LANG
Promotional Director
American Soccer League

Baltimore

● The Baltimore Rockets are one of nine teams that make up the American Soccer League, the only professional soccer group in the U.S. Other teams are in New York, Brooklyn, Newark and Elizabeth, N.J., Philadelphia and Ludlow, Mass. Team members play soccer on Sundays and holidays presumably for the fun of it since gate receipts rarely cover travel expenses. The professional teams also play for the U.S. Soccer Football Assn.'s National Challenge Trophy, a nationwide competition in which over 125 amateur teams also take part. However, the pros compete in April for their own trophy, the Lewis Cup, which they hope some day will be to professional soccer what the Stanley Cup is to hockey today.—ED.

EASTER PARADE

Sirs:

The idea of making spring the soccer season is a very good one. It will not interfere with other games and it will give women a good and always welcome chance to display their new hats.

J. J. STROM

Lafayette, Ind.

POINT FOUR FOR SOCCER

Sirs:

The FIFA (world soccer body) should adopt the principles of lend-lease or the Point Four Program to rescue the U.S. Soccer Football Assn. from its weak and desperate straits.

Ironically, the reverse seems to be happening: during the past year an American rescued a famed old Scottish soccer club from closing its doors. Last year James Theodore Fitzgerald, an executive in the Scottish branch of an American firm and former Detroit soccer player, took over the Dumbarton soccer club when the discouraged directors resigned and the club seemed doomed. Under his leadership the club was unbeaten in its league and even reached the quarter-finals of the league cup.

U.S. soccer needs a boost from someone.

HY GOLDSTEIN

New York

CLASSIC BEAUTY

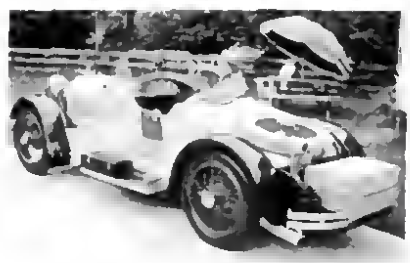
Sirs:

As the owner of a 1918 Stutz Bearcat, I enjoyed the story on classic cars (SI, Jan. 2).

There are supposed to be only three 1918 Bearcats in existence but, of course, that figure is always open to doubt because of the lack of a complete registry on old automobiles. Moreover, to the "purist," mine is not quite authentic, for the simple reason that over 30 years ago one of the Bearcat's previous owners customized it with the substitution of 1921 HCS (Harry C. Stutz) fenders, a pair of cowl lights, trunk, bumpers and one or two other items. Nevertheless, the car is still a beauty in its yellow body, black fenders and red wheels (*see cut*).

ROBERT S. OLSON

Minneapolis



1918 STUTZ BEARCAT

A NEW DIMENSION

Sirs:

The 12-page spread on the bowl games was splendid (SI, Dec. 26). With SI's carefully worked-out aids before you, you felt another dimension had been added to TV sports enjoyment. Please accept my thanks and congratulations!

RAY A. ALBERT

Blacksburg, Va.

IMMENSE ADDITION

Sirs:

Hats off to you for your excellent and most accurate pre-game analysis of the bowl games.

Having this issue close at hand while viewing the big games added immensely to the color and excitement of the unusually great contests.

MONROE C. LEWIS JR.

St. Louis

MANNERS' BIG APPETITE

Sirs:

Enjoyed reading your article on fair and fancy game recipes—true gourmets' delights (SI, Dec. 26).

But who is this big-game man, Harry Manners? His ambition in life must be the extermination of the African elephant, if not of big game in general. Needless to say, he and the other great hunters should be stopped or outlawed. If not, the only big game anybody in the future will see will be in Disney's nature classics.

I believe in conservation and wish Joes like him could take some courses in geology, zoology—or even photography. Such courses might create in them a healthier outlook on nature. Carnivores kill to eat; ideally, man kills to eat. Harry must have a big appetite.

ERNEST C. LENDENMANN JR.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

EXERCISE FOR HEART ATTACKS

Sirs:

You have done a splendid job in your article on heart disease and exercise (SI, Jan. 2). The article indicates that a great deal of research was involved in its preparation. The manner of presentation is not only most interesting, but extremely clear even to the totally uninformed. The accuracy of the scientific data discussed can nowhere be challenged.

HENRY I. RUSSEK, M.D.

Staten Island, N.Y.

THE ANSWERS MOST WANTED

Sirs:

I wonder if you can possibly realize how many of us there are who had need of your heart article? The light it lets in, the future it opens again, the help it gives in understanding what our doctors are trying to bring home to us! I am in my fifth week after an attack.

I have read so many articles which state issues and ask questions, but never give clear answers. This article not only states the problem, it gives many of the answers most wanted.

FRED W. FLETCHER

Mount Clemens, Mich.

DIRTY POLITICS?

Sirs:

WONDERFUL WORLD of Dec. 26 pictured Mr. Adlai Stevenson and friends in a skiff. Could it be that Mr. Stevenson's friends are Republicans? If so, their motto must be: "If you can't lick him, drown him." Safety afloat is not illustrated in this photo story, rather how to end it all the hard way.

MRS. RONALD ALLEN REILLY

Charleston, S.C.

DEMOCRATS IN DANGER

Sirs:

Here are five men who should use better judgment, loading a motor boat within six inches of the gunwales and wearing waders and heavy clothes while traveling on water. If Senator Fulbright moved just a little and swamped the boat, the odds are that not one would have reached shore.

For men of their caliber, very poor judgment was used. It is time Americans used

some good water sense and learned how to take care of themselves in and on the water.

ROBERT B LINSDAY
Meramec River Patrol
American Red Cross
St. Louis

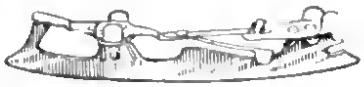
THE TRIALS OF SKATING

Sirs:

Enjoyed the article on *The Art of Skating* (SI, Dec. 26). In the last paragraph a question is asked about remembering the key to tighten the clamps. Why not go back to about 1906 and ask about the skates used in that period?

How many fingers were frozen pulling the clamp back to hold the skates on and how many leather heels were torn off if the adjustment was not just right? Might be interesting to show a cut of what we had to contend with in the good old days.

NATHAN BARKMAN
East Tawas, Mich.



TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY SKATE

CROQUET'S SINISTER PLAYER

Sirs:

You do Governor Harriman something less than justice in enumerating his sports activities (E & D, Jan. 2). What is worse, in so doing you may have jeopardized his support from a group which, while perhaps not the largest in the United States, is surely one of the most dedicated.

Averell Harriman, gentlemen, is a croquet player. His game has been described variously as cunning, sinister, malevolent and downright dirty. In other words, he is a very good croquet player.

EDWARD W. BEATTIE JR.
Sarasota, Fla.

GRIFFIN'S GUNS

Sirs:

Since your magazine has turned from a mere sports magazine into a political and sociological one, I have *not* enjoyed it!

SI seems to be concerned more with the segregation issue than the reporting of sports itself. I refer to your continuous harping, ranting, raving on Governor Griffin and the Sugar Bowl incident. I'm not arguing the point whether he was right in this case or not—but I'll say that I have admiration for him because he stands up and sticks by his guns on this controversial issue.

ALLISON COOK
Tallahassee, Fla.

JANE RUSSELL'S FISH

Sirs:

That was a good picture of Actress Jane Russell plus sailfish (WONDERFUL WORLD, Dec. 19). However, if that fish weighed 250 pounds, I will gladly eat it, pound by pound. Perhaps she and it jointly weighed that much!

Also, unless it is a first or a possible record fish, why not release it alive? We have done so for years with all nonedible fish which were not mortally hurt.

JOHN D. MCCASKEY
St. Joseph, Mo.

• Sailfish, unlike Jane Russell, are perishable and the specifications of Miss Russell's catch are no longer obtainable. If it will help Reader McCaskey in making his computations, Miss Russell weighs 135 lbs.—ED.

FAVORABLE REPLY

Sirs:

In his article on *Rome's Games of Death* (SI, Dec. 19), Morton Hunt has repeated an old and common error by saying that the Romans expressed their favor toward gladiators by pointing their thumbs upward. The way the Romans did express their favor was to press their thumb down with the other fingers as to hide it (*pollicem premere*). When they wished the gladiators to die they would point their thumbs upward or toward the breast (*pollicem vertere*). These facts can be verified by referring to Leverett Freund's Latin lexicon.

JUDY TIDBALL
Saint Benedict High School
Cambridge, Ohio

• SI, like Miss Tidball, should have consulted its dictionaries, remembering Virgil's advice: "*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*" (happy is he who has troubled to learn the origin of things).—ED.

THE BETTER PART OF VALOR

Sirs:

Your cartoon of the cheering Texan at a football game (SI, Jan. 2) expressed my feelings as I sat watching SMU get walloped by Notre Dame.

Throughout the first quarter I bravely waved my Lone Star flag—but "C'mon Texas" rang a dull note among the cheering, winning crowd of Irish fans that engulfed me.

With true Texas spirit I *silently* urged them on, rolling up my flag so as not to injure the gleeful victors.

NADINE MATSON HEID
Grand Rapids, Mich.

U.S. GO BRAGH

Sirs:

Since the Irish cannot win the Olympics, please accept a donation to the American Olympic Fund, simultaneously electing me please a Happy Knoller.

TIMOTHY GREGG HAGENS
Collingswood, N.J.

OUFFER'S CONTRIBUTION

Sirs.

Having just played my first nine holes of golf yesterday, I can now apply for membership in Happy Knoll. I daresay that I'll carry the club's highest handicap for quite some time. Here is my contribution for the Olympic Fund.

JAMES E. BANKS
Kirtland AFB, N.M.

• Thanks also to these contributors: John Steinson Jr., Omaha; Henry Junker II, Fleet P.O., New York; Betty Wood, Atlanta; John O'Brien, Richard Corkum, Peter Eisenman, Albert Feldan, Alfred Fordiani, David Morse, George Mueller, William Dalton, all of the 57th FA Bn.; William Langenmayr, Fayetteville, N.Y.; Ann Bradbury, Fresno, Calif.; William Cannon, Brecksville, Ohio; Peter Macdonald, Winnipeg; John McCaskey, St. Joseph, Mo.; Harry McCain, Kansas City; Jack Mittelman, Philadelphia; James Banks, Kirtland AFB, N.M.; Richard Nelson, San Francisco; James Baker, San Francisco and Robert Rohacek, Racine, Wis.—ED.



PAT ON THE BACK

WISCONSIN'S TUMBLING BAUERS

George Bauer, a 36-year-old professor at the University of Wisconsin, and son Peter, 12 (*seated*), are real old pros in the ancient sport of tumbling. They have been working on their act for 10 years (since Peter was 2) and average a performance or two a week throughout the year. Last summer the father-and-son team toured with the famed Harlem Globetrotters, appearing in 63 European, North African and Middle Eastern cities. This winter their performances have been seen at tbe International 4-H Congress in Chicago and before the television cameras of the Big Top show in Philadelphia. Son Scott, 7, and daughter Georgia Ann, 5, are relative tyros, just now beginning to troupe; their repertory consists of such fairly simple things as one-hand handstands on father's head. After play, Professor Bauer goes to work and teaches physical education students all about archery, volleyball, badminton—and, of course, tumbling.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ED STEIN



Goes with what you are

Arabian belongs, naturally, with the symbols of success.

Sleek of line and fast as the wind, the Arabian is far and away the *one*

looked up to — no matter where or when. There's a whole

new world of adventure awaiting you, in an Arabian. Created in limited

quantities. Century Boat Company, Box 350, Manistee, Michigan

Century



arabian

Two-fisted style with pyramid welt and rugged trim

the Pedwin champ



Packs a winner's punch ... New 2-eyelet pattern ... flat moc toe ... brand-new notched pyramid welting ... grained leather. Pedwin Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

9.95

Other styles $7.95 to $9.95
Higher Denver West



Pedwin®

YOUNG IDEAS IN SHOES